

MAR 22 1946

A SYMPOSIUM:

*Who's to Blame for Juvenile Delinquency?*

Father Flanagan

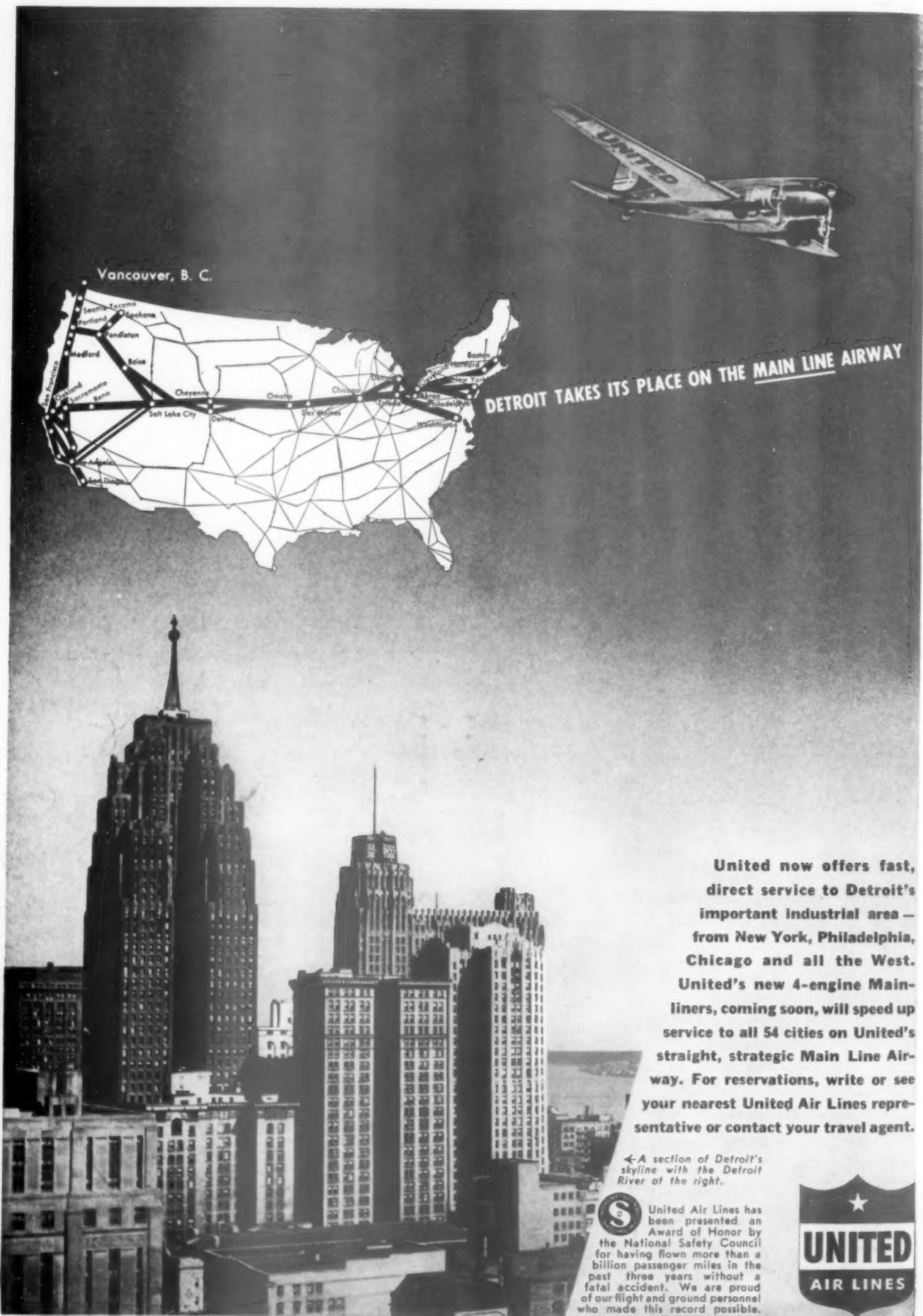
Thomas C. Clark

Dorothy Thompson

Ethel Alpenfels

**Rotarian**

What the  
'Vets' Get  
by  
Bernard M. Baruch




Vancouver, B. C.

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Comment on ROTARIAN articles  
by readers of THE ROTARIAN

## Talking it over

### 'Big Time' or 'Hot'?

Asks "PRE-RHUMBA DAN"  
Chicago, Illinois

Maybe my memory is as senile as my knees are wobbly, but when I was young and plenty gay, we used to sing "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." But I see Sigmund Spaeth refers to *There'll Be a Big Time* . . . in his article *Rotarians Sing! Sing! Sing!* in THE ROTARIAN for February.

Who's right?

EDS. NOTE: You are, "Pre-Rhumba Dan." "Big" was a misprint—but Harry L. Rugles, the Chicago (1905) Rotarian who started Rotary singing, says that gleesters of a generation ago harmonized over "a big time" too, and about as much as they did the orthodox "hot time."

### Kettering Put to Work

By CARL E. BOLTE, Flour Miller  
Director, Rotary International  
Slaters, Missouri

Charles F. Kettering's article, *Get Out of That Rut!* [THE ROTARIAN for February], has given me a nucleus for my commencement addresses for this Spring. That idea should be applicable to graduating classes whether high school or college, so I have clipped this article and will add it to others of a similar vein between now and May, when the commencement-address season begins.

### On Labor's 'Illogic'

By J. P. WOMACK  
Honorary Rotarian  
Jonesboro, Arkansas

In his "Yes" answer to the question *Tie Wages to Profits?* [debate-of-the-month for March], Willard Shelton writes:

"Union negotiators use the top wage scales paid by Company A to force Company B, possibly less well managed or less fortunately located, to meet the same scales." That means simply that negotiators gear their demands to top wage scales. I wonder if Mr. Shelton knows that the workers are urged to gear their production to the lowest rate to be found in the plant or system. Mr. Shelton should know, but probably doesn't, that labor's slogan for the last half century or longer has been "More for Less."

What about fixing wages at the employer's assumed ability to pay? When

the wives of highly paid workers go to the market for fruits, vegetables, etc., do they generously offer to pay more for what they get than the wives of workers who have less than half their ability to pay? I seem to remember that all through those years when wages leaped fantastically from peak to peak, labor talked long and loudly in favor of holding down prices paid to farmers. I should be tempted to say that labor shows evidence of being illogical if Mr. Shelton had not declared that "any illogic in the position is purely a matter of rhetoric."

### 'Four-Way Test' a Reminder

Says HOWARD TRASK, Rotarian  
President, Trask Engineering Co.  
Revere, Massachusetts

In the December, 1945, issue of THE ROTARIAN appeared an article entitled *A Test for These Times*, by Richard E. Vernor. "The Four-Way Test" which was mentioned interested a number of our members, and was spoken of at the next meeting at which our District Governor happened to be present. When it was suggested that this "Four-Way Test" be printed on cards and given to the members to hang up in their places of business, the Governor expressed the opinion that THE ROTARIAN might have the very thing we want. Thinking that this matter would be a constant reminder of our duty as Rotarians toward the business in which we are engaged, we decided to adopt the suggestion. Kindly advise me if you have any such cards for distribution, and if so, cost and how obtainable.

EDS. NOTE: Small pocket-size copies of "The Four-Way Test" may be obtained without charge from Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Also available are poster-size copies, 17 by 22 inches (10 cents).

### 'Rotary Club' Goes by Rail

Points Out ED. R. JOHNSON  
Honorary Rotarian  
Past President, Rotary International  
Roanoke, Virginia

Running between New York and Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad on one of the "on the hour trains" is a Pullman club-parlor car named "Rotary Club" [see cut], one of a group of "club" cars such as "Rotary Club," "Kiwanis Club," "Friars Club," etc. It is



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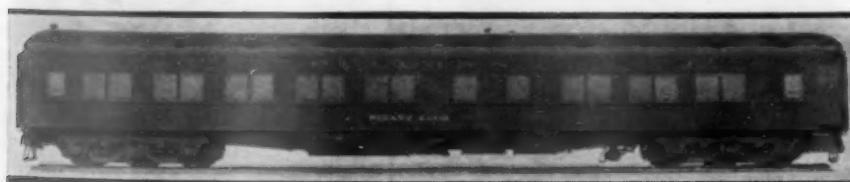
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a type of car in which one may enjoy comfort, a social hour, or a meal—in short, it has some of the attributes of Rotary, for in it good fellowship may be enjoyed.

## We Need More Paul HARRISES

Says MRS. C. T. VOLLPRECHT  
Wife of Rotarian  
Devonport, Australia

I find in many of your articles food for thought, especially in these times of turmoil and upset. We as women find so much to do, and so little time to do it in. Surely there must be something that the womenfolk of this great world in which we live can do—but what?

When one thinks of women and children starving in a land of milk and honey, through no fault of their own, something must be radically wrong. Where is it all going to end?

What we need is more men like Paul Harris, Rotary's Founder, to pave the way for greater things, so that each and everyone can have his share of this world's goods. Keep up the good work, Rotarians, and the world will be the better to live in.

## Be Honest in Attendance

Urges J. N. BORROUGHS, Rotarian  
President  
Oakland California Towel Company  
Oakland, California

I'd like to salute the men whose pictures appeared on page 41 of THE ROTARIAN for February. There, readers will recall, were 60 men who had attended Rotary meetings for 15 or more years without a miss.

I believe that every one of those 60 Rotarians will agree that Rotary attendance is of vital importance to the movement. Any violation of honest attendance has a bad effect upon morale.

Recently a certain Rotarian registered his attendance at a meeting—then departed. Observing this, a fellow member wrote him a letter signed "Your Fellow Rotarian and Friendly Rival in Rotarian Attendance," which read in part:

Does every member know the requirements of Rotary attendance? It is founded strictly on individual and Club honesty and integrity. The attendance contest is a fine game, an interesting contest which returns rewards to each member. The Club, the District, and the fountainhead of Rotary itself, Rotary International, are benefited.

To be of full creative value, it must be played according to the agreed rule of the game. Its integrity, its Rotary honesty, its sound and good example, must be truthfully and correctly maintained. The rule is this: for attendance to be counted in the contest, a member, when prevented from the full-time meeting attendance at a Club luncheon, must be present at least 60 percent of the total meeting time required to count, starting from the moment of seating time. In that case, if the regular seating time of the Club is 10 minutes past 12 noon, the time of attendance should be from 10 minutes past 12 until 2 minutes before 1 o'clock. Attendance time applies, therefore, for any 48 minutes out of 80 minutes' total time of the meeting.

If a member falsifies, it is untruthfully reflected in the contest between members. It is also reflected in the group contest within the Club. Likewise in the Club report to the District Governor. Error is then transmitted in the District Governor's report making up the Inter-Club contest between the Clubs in the District. The Governor's report giving statistics creating the international contest among higher attendance rated Clubs then is in error. . . .

The only Rotary principle that a Rotarian who is called by emergency from a Rotary-luncheon attendance can honestly follow is

voluntarily to correct the error in his attendance report. This he does by asking the Secretary to report him absent at the meeting at which his time was short of 60 percent present. He then can make up his attendance at some other Club, previous to the next meeting following of his own Club, just as though he had never briefly appeared at his own Club. By this means he can maintain for his own Club and himself an honest, untarnished attendance record and report. . . .

The rest of my story is that he took the letter in the spirit it was sent—and at the first opportunity made up his attendance!

## Moses' Analysis 'Intelligent'

Thinks CARL F. BOESTER, Rotarian  
Director, Housing Research  
Purdue Research Foundation  
Lafayette, Indiana

The article on housing by Robert Moses [Housing Headaches] in the March issue is about as intelligent an analysis and appraisal of current problems as has been or ever will be made.

The present situation is one needing the wisdom of a Solomon to differentiate between the want and the need. Practically everyone has a place to sleep tonight, yet everyone wants a better place to sleep. The shortage and unsatisfied want are caused by destruction and obsolescence, nonconstruction during the war, the 5 million war marriages, the 7 million postwar marriages, and particularly by a greater economic up-grading. People are just in a better position to buy more, and therefore they want more and of better quality. Finally, all during the Government war-bond-sales programs, Sunday-supplement artists were encouraged to give free expression to the wildest of ideas in housing, all with a view to cause people to save for postwar home purchase; and the only way that could be done was to make

## On the Russian's Cap

Many readers have asked for a translation of the inscription on the cap of "The Rotarian" for February. The words mean "Black Sea Fleet," and, in case you overlooked the explanatory note, the picture is of Signalmen Vassily Globin, called "the man with the gifted hands" for heroic action under fire. The photo is by A. Mez-huyev for Sovfoto.





them grossly dissatisfied with what they had, and to make glib promises as to what they could get.

For the most part the present housing problem as it appears to me, as an individual and not as an expert, is simply good political fodder. Surely, better homes are desirable, but, as Robert Moses said, we don't want to get hysterical about it. So many sociologists point to extensive slum areas, but it must be remembered that the people, not the structures, are the blight. Conditions of the structures are due to the lack of intelligence, first in their production and secondly in the use and maintenance of them. But more than anything, it is the habits of the people that cause the slums.

Sound effort is being made to contribute to a better way of living, but it is impossible to do it yesterday.

### 'No' to 'Living Memorials'

Says FABIAN MONFILS, Rotarian Owner, Kenosha Monument Co. Kenosha, Wisconsin

[Re: What Kind of War Memorial?, the debate-of-the-month for February.]

The term "living memorials" is a misnomer for utilitarian projects needed by many communities. It is easier to get voters to approve the expenditure of huge sums when it can be tied to an emotional idea. Under that guise many so-called memorials are being erected that will be meaningless as memorials even to our grandchildren.

The epic deeds of those who gave their lives so that all of us may continue our way of living certainly cannot be memorialized with a project that does not permit people to remember the purpose for which they were dedicated. A little plaque posted somewhere can never be conspicuous enough to change the purpose.

Decatur Riggs, writing in the *Christian Herald*, puts it very aptly in five words: "Let the memorial be spiritual." He goes on to say:

Recently a college president, reporting on a memorial committee meeting he had attended, said that "We need" and "We want" were the refrains of the meeting. Newspaper reports leave little doubt that some memorial advocates are about to forget both the nature and destiny of a memorial in their greedy urge to get something they want, or their group wants, or even their city wants. As one man recently remarked, "Cities also need incinerators and refuse dumps. Why not carry that kind of thinking to its logical conclusion and finance these necessities as memorials?"

In many communities throughout the land we can find many "living memorials," projects that today's generation knows only as parks, swimming pools, stadia, etc. Many of them already have been discontinued for the purpose they were intended. Is that all the heroic deeds of these who gave their lives to the country mean to us? The answer is obvious.

A true memorial can only be a monument that will teach and preach its recorded story for thousands of years and cannot be construed into any other meaning. It must inspire memory and reverence and a compelling urge that will want to make you pause in passing and mutter a silent prayer for those who died that you may live. It must be a monument [Continued on page 57]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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## Nominating the Directors

### A LITTLE LESSON IN ROTARY

THE administrative body of Rotary International is a Board of Directors consisting of 14 members, namely:

The President (who is Chairman), the Immediate Past President, five Directors from the United States (chosen by zones), one Director from Canada and Newfoundland, one Director from Great Britain and Ireland, and five Directors, nominated by the outgoing Board, from geographical groups not hereinbefore mentioned. Each Director, although nominated by the Clubs in a certain zone or geographical group, or by the Board, is elected at the Convention by all the Clubs, thereby placing on each Director the responsibility of representing all Clubs in the administration of Rotary.

Members of Rotary Clubs from the above-mentioned zones or geographical groups meet during the annual Convention for the purpose of proposing a candidate or candidates from their respective group for Director or Directors. Any elector from a Club in his respective zone or geographical group may propose as a candidate for Director the name of an active, or past service, or senior active member of a Club in his zone or geographical group.

A Club which intends to propose a candidate for Director from a zone in the U.S.A. at the next ensuing Convention must indicate its intention by filing with the Secretary of Rotary International on or before the first day of April, but not prior to the publication of the announcement of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International of its nominee, a resolution of the Club adopted at one of its regular meetings naming the candidate which it intends to propose.

If for any cause whatsoever no candidate is proposed at a zone meeting at the Convention in accordance with the filed intention of a Club to do so, thereby leaving a zone without a candidate to be proposed for the office of Director, the electors of the Clubs in such zone shall propose a candidate or candidates at the zone meeting of such Clubs during the Convention.

To be nominated, candidates must receive a majority of the votes cast in their respective zone, the low man dropping out on each succeeding ballot until one candidate obtains a majority.

Electors are then allowed one vote for each Director nominated.

The 1945-46 Board nominated Charles Jourdan-Gassin, of Nice, France, as a Director for two years, and E. Lisborg, of Slagelse, Denmark; B. T. Thakur, of Calcutta, India; and Jorge M. Zegarra, of Lima, Peru, for one year. Director Ernesto Bastos, of Lisbon, Portugal, who was elected for a two-year term in 1945-46, will be serving his second term.

\* \* \*

If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language.

EL CUERPO administrativo de Rotary International es una directiva integrada por 14 miembros, a saber:

El presidente, el ex presidente inmediato, cinco directores de los Estados Unidos (seleccionados por zonas), un director de Canadá y Terranova, un director de la Gran Bretaña e Irlanda y cinco directores propuestos por la junta directiva saliente, pertenecientes a grupos geográficos no mencionados antes. Cada director, aunque *propuesto* por los clubes comprendidos en determinada zona o grupo geográfico, o por la directiva, es elegido por votación de todos los Rotary clubs en la convención, con lo que asume la responsabilidad de representar a todos los clubes en la administración de Rotary.

Los miembros de Rotary clubs de las zonas o grupos geográficos arriba mencionados se reúnen durante la convención anual con el objeto de proponer uno o más candidatos de su respectivo grupo para director o directores. Cualquiera de los electores perteneciente a un club de su respectivo grupo geográfico o zona puede proponer como candidato a director a un socio activo, de servicio anterior o veterano, de un club comprendido en su zona o grupo geográfico.

El club que tenga intención de proponer a un candidato para director por una zona de los Estados Unidos en la siguiente convención deberá indicar su intención, depositando con el secretario de Rotary International, a más tardar el 1.º de abril, pero no antes de la publicación del informe del comité de propuestas para presidente de Rotary International en que se dé a conocer el nombre del candidato de dicho comité, el acuerdo del club, tomado en reunión ordinaria del mismo, con el nombre del candidato que éste intente proponer.

Si por cualquier motivo no se propone ningún candidato en una reunión de zona durante la convención de acuerdo con la intención expresada por algún club, dejando así a la zona sin ningún candidato a director, los electores de los clubes comprendidos en dicha zona propondrán uno o más candidatos en la reunión de electores de los clubes de tal zona celebrada durante la convención.

Para ser propuestos, los candidatos han de contar con la mayoría de los votos de su respectiva zona. El candidato que obtenga menos votos queda fuera en cada sucesivo escrutinio hasta que tenga mayoría un candidato.

Entonces se da a los electores un voto para cada director propuesto.

La junta directiva de 1945-1946 propuso a Charles Jourdan-Gassin, de Niza, Francia, para director por dos años, y a E. Lisborg, de Slagelse, Dinamarca; B. T. Thakur, de Calcuta, India; y Jorge M. Zegarra, de Lima, Perú, por un año. El director Ernesto Bastos, de Lisboa, Portugal, elegido por dos años en 1945-1946, continuará en funciones por su segundo año.

APRIL, 1946

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## Presenting This Month

G. DONALD KENNEDY is vice-president of the Automotive Safety Foundation, which he joined in 1943 after resigning as Michigan State Highway Commissioner. He is also chairman of the postwar construction committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and vice-chairman of the National Interregional Highway Committee. In 1944 he wrote one of the most widely read pamphlets on postwar planning—*Here's How You Can Help Redevelop Your City with Modern Highways*.



Kennedy

Chairman of the Montreal branch of the United Nations' Society, CECIL P. MARTIN is the Robert Reford professor of anatomy in McGill University, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Following the First World War, in which he served with the British Army in the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, he became professor of anatomy in Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. The Dominion of Canada became his home a decade ago. He has been a member of the Rotary Club of Montreal since 1943.

Ten years ago, when Rotary's international Convention was held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, C. EDGAR DREHER was Chairman of the Host Club Executive Committee. He is the same for the Convention in Atlantic City this year. President of a building-materials company, he is a Past President of the Atlantic City Rotary Club and a Past District Governor (1932-33) and has served on several international Committees.

LYNN BOGUE HUNT is the foremost painter of American wildlife. He grew up in Michigan, now lives in New York City. His cover painting this month is of marlin fishing off Bimini, a favorite vacation spot not far from Florida.

—THE CHAIRMEN



Dreher

THE Rotarian MAGAZINE

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Photo: Canadian Pacific Ry.

## Nova Scotia Cove

Not very far off beaten paths leading to Atlantic City, where Rotarians will meet in international Convention June 2 to 7, is historic, seagoing Nova Scotia. Bays and brooks a-boil with fish are but one reason many vacationers will want to pass that way.

# Rotary Isles in a Large Sea

By Cecil P. Martin

Professor, McGill University;  
Rotarian, Montreal, Canada

**Y**OU haven't heard of SRII—but maybe you will. For SRII stands for the Society for the Reestablishment of the Importance of the Individual, which I would like to found.

One bold faithful man standing indomitably by a moral principle can sway a whole nation. Winston Churchill proved this well when in those dark days of 1940 he offered the British people blood, sweat, toil, and tears.

Bring together a few steadfast and highly principled individuals and you can generate social power of atomic-bomb proportions. Charles and Mary Beard in *The Rise of American Civilization* point out that at no time was there more than an almost insignificant proportion of the population of the United States in the antislavery league. Yet those people were so set on their object and worked so steadily and unremittingly toward its attainment that they recognized no obstacles and admitted no defeats. So, *ultimately*, they accomplished their aim.

If we in Rotary can make each Club an isle of order and peace and harmony in the midst of a chaotic world, I believe that our example will leaven human society around us. I teach in a university, and I notice how an extremely good and conscientious student influences those in his immediate vicinity. Our Rotary Clubs can be like that.

We Rotarians can start by setting an example of respect for the law. All around us is juvenile delinquency due in a large measure, I think, to a lack of respect for the law. While most of us do not commit gross crimes, many think that we can get away with minor infringements of the law if we are smart and clever. But there is nothing servile in observing the law. The Government is our Government, and its laws are our laws.

We do not create respect for law by saying our lawmakers are

tricksters, politicians, or the creatures of a political machine. When a man is elected to Parliament in England, it is always emphasized that although he may have been sent there by the electors of a particular district, he is a member of the House of Commons of England. He is there to serve his country and as such he deserves respect.

Each Rotary Club can be an isle of toleration, a center where every side is given a patient and fair hearing. We all have our individual opinions, and it is right that we should stand by them, but we must recognize the right of the other man to differ and his right to express his disagreement without rancor or malice.

We can make our Rotary Clubs isles of honesty, not merely the honesty that keeps us out of the clutches of the police, but absolute honesty coming from our hearts; honesty that places us beyond all possibility of deceiving or taking advantage of our brother in any manner or degree whatsoever; honesty in commerce and honesty in speech.

Theodore Roosevelt once laid it down in a remarkable address in Chicago that the first law in all debate should be, "Thou shalt not bear false witness; you shall not misrepresent, twist, or distort your opponent's arguments; you shall not throw out dirty hints and innuendoes about him; you shall not say anything about him for which you cannot give definite and objective evidence; you will be honest with him as you hope he will be honest with you."

And our Clubs can be isles of kindness, of brotherliness, of

*Reflections on what individuals and groups can do to overcome postwar discouragement and disillusionment.*

genuine sympathy and fellow feeling for those around us. I am thinking not merely of the kindness that expresses itself in giving money, but the kindness that makes us willing to take on disagreeable tasks and to forego cherished pleasures for the sake of less fortunate brethren.

Isaiah said, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." The late Lord Tweedsmuir pointed out that there is no anticlimax in those words. In moments of great excitement all of us can mount up on wings as eagles; when the eyes of the world are upon us, we can for a time run and not be weary. But the thing that really tests the mettle in a man or woman is his or her ability quietly and silently and steadily to keep right on plodding.

**D**URING the war we at home braced ourselves to endure difficulties and our sons who went to battle became heroes. Men ran and were not weary. Now comes the great test. For winning the war only brought the *opportunity* to build the world we want.

War was the time for disciplined groups. Peace is the time for individuals, singly and in groups, to act. Doubtless the Society for the Reestablishment of the Importance of the Individual will exist only in imagination, but the idea is sound. We cannot change our world with dramatic suddenness, but by steady and patient effort we can be isles of expanding influence in a very large sea.

Guest **E**ditorial 



# BERNARD BARUCH TELLS *What the 'Vets' Get in*

*Illustrations by  
Wm. Aubrey Gray*

SON OF a Confederate Army doctor, Bernard Mannes Baruch won early fame as a financier. Now 75 and "America's elder statesman," he has a record for public service that started in 1916.

**S**UPPOSE that in Australia, Britain, Canada, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the United States, a private in the army of each of these nations is being separated from the service.

Each of the six men, let us say, is single and has served in his country's armed forces for three years, two of those years overseas. A finance officer has just totalled each man's mustering-out pay.

Which of the six soldiers stands to receive the largest sum? Here is the answer: the Australian will draw \$375; the Briton, \$383; the Canadian, \$611; the New Zealander, \$586; the South African, \$336; and the American, \$300.\*

Before any South African or American veteran reading this concludes that he fought with the wrong army, let me tell you something about these figures and how I happen to have them.

During my recent studies of U. S. veterans' problems, the question often arose as to what other

countries were doing to assist their servicemen and service-women in readjusting to civilian life. The answer, however, was seldom forthcoming for we lacked facts. No detailed comparison of the veterans' programs of various countries had been made. Accordingly, I assigned a staff of researchers to the task of assembling one.

We would limit our study, we decided, to the six nations I have named above. In other countries which we might have included, particularly in those once overrun by the enemy, the difficulties of inflation and physical reconstruction leave no basis for comparison.

From official sources in each country, we would essay to obtain full information on these seven major programs of veterans' benefits:

1. Discharge payments.
2. Loans and grants.
3. Unemployment benefits.
4. Reinstatement rights and employment preference.
5. Education.
6. Vocational training.
7. Medical care and benefits for the disabled.

Whether a given country's benefits seemed too high or too low would, we agreed, be no concern of ours. Neither would we attempt to weigh how effectively the programs in the different nations are being administered. We would avoid personal judgments and interpretations and stick strictly to the facts. Thus we went to work, and in time the job was done.

With our findings arranged for quick access, we can now tell in a

matter of seconds exactly what each of the six nations provides under each of the seven aforementioned headings. One glance reveals, for example, that Australia pays for the education of the children of deceased, blinded, or totally incapacitated veterans—and that none of the other countries does, except Britain in special cases. Another glance shows that five of the six nations send the veteran on his way into civilian life with a special allowance for the clothing he may have to buy. The United States is the exception.

Informative as a full presentation of our study might prove, I can at best give only a brief highlighted summation of it. Before I do, I wish, however, to voice this general caution: the picture must be studied as a whole. None of the seven programs stands alone; all are interrelated. Apparent disadvantages in one part of a nation's program may be offset by features in some other part. Differences in the economic, political, and social development of the six lands must also be considered. Some countries, for example, still place great emphasis on stimulating agricultural settlement. In Canada the wide disparity of benefits between veterans who obligated for overseas service and those who did not reflects Canada's conscription issue during the war.

United States benefits are set forth as rights automatically available to all eligible veterans. In other countries, administrative approval is required for a veteran

\* In this comparison and in all others in this article, all monetary benefits have been translated into American dollars and cents at the October, 1945, average of Federal Reserve certified rates of exchange. All benefits except those of the United States are as of November, 1945.



to obtain many of the benefits. This tendency for U. S. programs to be ready-made as against the efforts of other countries to tailor their benefits to the individual veteran reflects, of course, the enormously greater number of veterans in the United States. The 12 or more million American veterans of this war are almost a third again as numerous as is the total for the five countries.

**Discharge Payments.** An enlisted soldier of the rank of private, with three years in service, two of which were overseas, has been taken as a fairly typical example in all countries. On being discharged, this private would receive, as I have already partially noted, the following discharge benefits:

Country	If Single	If Married and One Child
Canada .....	\$611.....	\$711.....
New Zealand .....	586.....	640.....
Great Britain .....	383.....	472.....
Australia .....	375.....	395.....
Union of S. A. ....	336.....	336.....
United States.....	306.....	300.....

The discharge programs of all the countries save the United States are scaled to length of service and rank. Under the flat-sum, mustering-out pay of the United States, Americans released after relatively short periods of service fare proportionately better. Where lengthy periods of service are involved, the disparity between the United States and the other nations becomes greater. All these nations entered the war two years earlier than the United States.

Of the countries compared, the United States and Australia have a history of so-called "bonus" legislation. In addition to the immediate discharge payments cited above, Australia is providing a war gratuity (\$330 for the private used as example) which does not become available until five and a half years after discharge.

**Loans and Grants.** Of the seven programs, this one is the most difficult to compare because of the numerous elements involved. The United States gives no outright grants, expressing preference for veterans through more liberalized credit for homes, farms, or businesses than is available for other citizens. This preference takes the form principally of lower interest rates and a \$2,000 Government guaranty of non-real-estate loans or a \$4,000 guaranty in the case of real-estate loans; also no down

payment for the purchase of a home; and the benefits of the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant Act. Veterans become eligible for loans for 100 percent of purchase price of family-type farms, extending over 40 years and at 3 percent interest.

Canada gives a cash grant of several hundred dollars to overseas veterans only. No special preference is given veterans in home financing or business loans. For land settlement, farming, and part-time farming, the Government absorbs more than a fourth of the cost.

Britain makes no special financial provisions for veterans other than an outright grant up to \$600 for veterans to reënter businesses they were in previously. Australia and New Zealand run to liberalized credit for homes, farms, and businesses. The repayment period for such loans is longer than in the United States; interest rates are 4 percent or under. The time for loan applications in Australia is five years after discharge or after the completion of vocational training. In the United States, for the Government guaranty, loans must be made within ten years of the war's termination.

As miscellaneous provisions of interest, New Zealand provides interest-free loans for furniture and tools of trade; in South Africa priorities in housing construction are given veterans and loans are interest-free for five years; in the United States, the veteran receives free interest for one year on the portion of the loan guaranteed by the Veterans' Administration.

**Unemployment Benefits.** Except for the Union of South Africa, all countries provide the equivalent of readjustment allowances for unemployed veterans. Amounts and duration of payments are as follows:

	If Single	If Married with One Child	Duration
U. S. A. ..	\$20.00 wk. ....	\$20.00 wk. ....	up to 52 wks.
Canada ..	45.50 mo. ....	75.00 mo. ....	up to 52 wks.
N. Z. ....	11.30 wk. ....	19.40 wk. ....	for 13 wks.
Australia ..	8.00 wk. ....	13.00 wk. ....	for 13 wks.
Britain ..	4.80 wk. ....	9.00 wk. ....	for 25 wks.

Rates for Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and Britain vary with the number of dependents. In the case of Canada, a veteran with dependents could receive higher allowances than in the United States. In South Africa, veterans



## AUSTRALIA



## GREAT BRITAIN



## CANADA



## NEW ZEALAND



## SOUTH AFRICA



## UNITED STATES

with no prewar job to return to are kept in the service on full military pay until "suitable employment" is obtained. Britain brings her veterans under her regular unemployment-insurance system immediately on discharge. In Canada, in addition to the "out-of-work" benefits listed above, the veteran receives credit for time in the service under the Dominion's regular unemployment system. He exhausts "out-of-work" benefits before coming under unemployment insurance. The United States, Canada, and Australia provide readjustment allowances for self-employed.

**Reinstatement and Preference.** Laws assuring veterans reinstatement rights to jobs held before they were called into the service have been enacted by all the countries. Britain, New Zealand, and Canada provide for reinstatement on terms no less favorable than if veterans had remained on the job and had not entered the service.

Various forms of preference in employment are provided for. Australia and the Union of South Africa grant veterans and certain war workers a preference in general employment. All countries give veterans some preference in public employment. In Britain and South Africa, a number of vacancies in the Civil Service are earmarked for veterans; Canada gives overseas and disabled veterans and the widows of servicemen a preference in filling Civil Service lists. The most generous and expansive system of Civil Service preference is that of the United States, where veterans with service-connected disability have ten points added to their score in the Civil Service tests and are placed on top of the list for employment. Veterans without disability have five points added to their test score. Widows of veterans or wives of disabled veterans who cannot qualify receive ten points.

New Zealand and South Africa provide financial assistance for veterans who must move to a new locality to find a job. In some cases, Australia pays moving expenses of veteran and family if veteran is settling in a new locality.

**Education and Vocational Training.** The United States offers the

widest educational and vocational-training opportunities. All eligible veterans are entitled to at least 12 months of schooling, with the maximum schooling possible put at four years. In Britain, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, the veteran must be approved by some Government body to receive education. Canada assures university education to all veterans who can qualify for admittance, but for other education or vocational training, administrative approval is required.

As to the subsistence allowances paid veterans while attending school or undergoing training, less disparity prevails among the countries than in any other financial program. Allowances under the education program are:

	If Single	If Married With One Child
U. S. A. ....	Up to \$65.00 mo.	Up to \$ 90.00 mo.
Britain .....	54.00 "	104.00 "
Canada .....	54.00 "	83.75 "
Australia .....	45.00 "	74.00 "
New Zealand ..	10.00 wk.	17.00 wk.

The British figure must be qual-



WHAT'S the future? That question was on the minds of these veterans as they hobbled to the Conference of San Francisco, where they were honor guests, last April.

ified as the maximum allowance that is possible. Many, if not most, veterans will get lower allowances since the amounts are scaled to the individual veteran's "financial obligations and resources." In the United States, Canada, Australia,

and New Zealand, allowances are fixed for all veterans and do not vary with the financial means of the individual.

South Africa has an unusual scheme of financing education and vocational training through grants up to \$1,000 and supplementary loans up to \$2,400 if such loans are necessary to complete the course.

The United States, Australia, Canada, and South Africa provide the same scale of allowances for veterans being trained vocationally as for those taking a course of education. Britain pays slightly lower subsistence allowances for vocational training; New Zealand slightly higher allowances than for education.

Australia, Britain, Canada, and New Zealand all provide additional allowances for vocational training which requires veterans to live away from home. The United States does not. The vocational-training programs of some of the countries appear to be more closely tied in with industry than in the United States. In Australia, for example, applicants are selected by regional committees on the basis of adaptability to trade, prospects in that trade, and quotas arranged between the Commonwealth Government and industrial bodies.

With formal education, the United States limits the length of schooling to four years. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand permit a full professional course.

**Disabled Veterans.** For 100 percent disability (excluding any extra payments for specific disabilities) the pension amounts in the various countries follow:

	If Single	If Married With One Child
U. S. A. ....	\$115.00 mo.	\$115.00 mo.
Canada .....	68.25 "	104.65 "
Australia .....	\$9 to \$11 wk.	13.00 wk.
New Zealand ..	9.70 wk.	14.75 "
Britain .....	8.00 wk.	11.50 "

Australia, New Zealand, and Britain base pensions on rank and dependents; Canada on dependents, rank, and loss of earning capacity; the United States solely on loss of earning capacity. South Africa limits pensions to veterans over 60 years of age, or under 60, if incapable of undertaking regular work.

All the countries provide more liberal programs of vocational training [Continued on page 64]

# The Best Fish I Ever Fought

He was a broadbill swordfish—and the battle he lost raged only 75 miles from Manhattan.

By S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

Sportsman and Author

IT WAS THE afternoon of July 8, 1940. We were cruising along on a fine flat sea about 15 miles off Montauk Point, the eastern tip of Long Island. At exactly 3 P.M. we sighted the telltale fin of a fish which, in the next nine hours, was to prove himself the most honored, most unforgettable opponent I have ever met.

He was a broadbill swordfish. Now swordfish, as you perhaps know, come up on the surface in calm sunny weather to digest their food and to absorb some ultraviolet. "Finning," we call it—and that's what this fellow was doing when we spied him. With his belly full of mackerel, he wasn't

overly interested in any bait, but after I'd presented him with a plump squid three or four times he finally struck, and at 3:10 P.M. I set the hook.

Instantly the fish doubled back on the boat—I had about 900 feet of line out—and flashed within 25 feet of us. For a split second we could see him clearly, and what we saw wasn't good. Against his back was the white outline of the squid. I had hooked this broadbill, not in his mouth, but in his dorsal fin! Hook a swordfish, or any other fish for that matter, outside of the mouth and you're in for a fight. You have about as much control over him as you'd have over a wild horse on a dog leash.

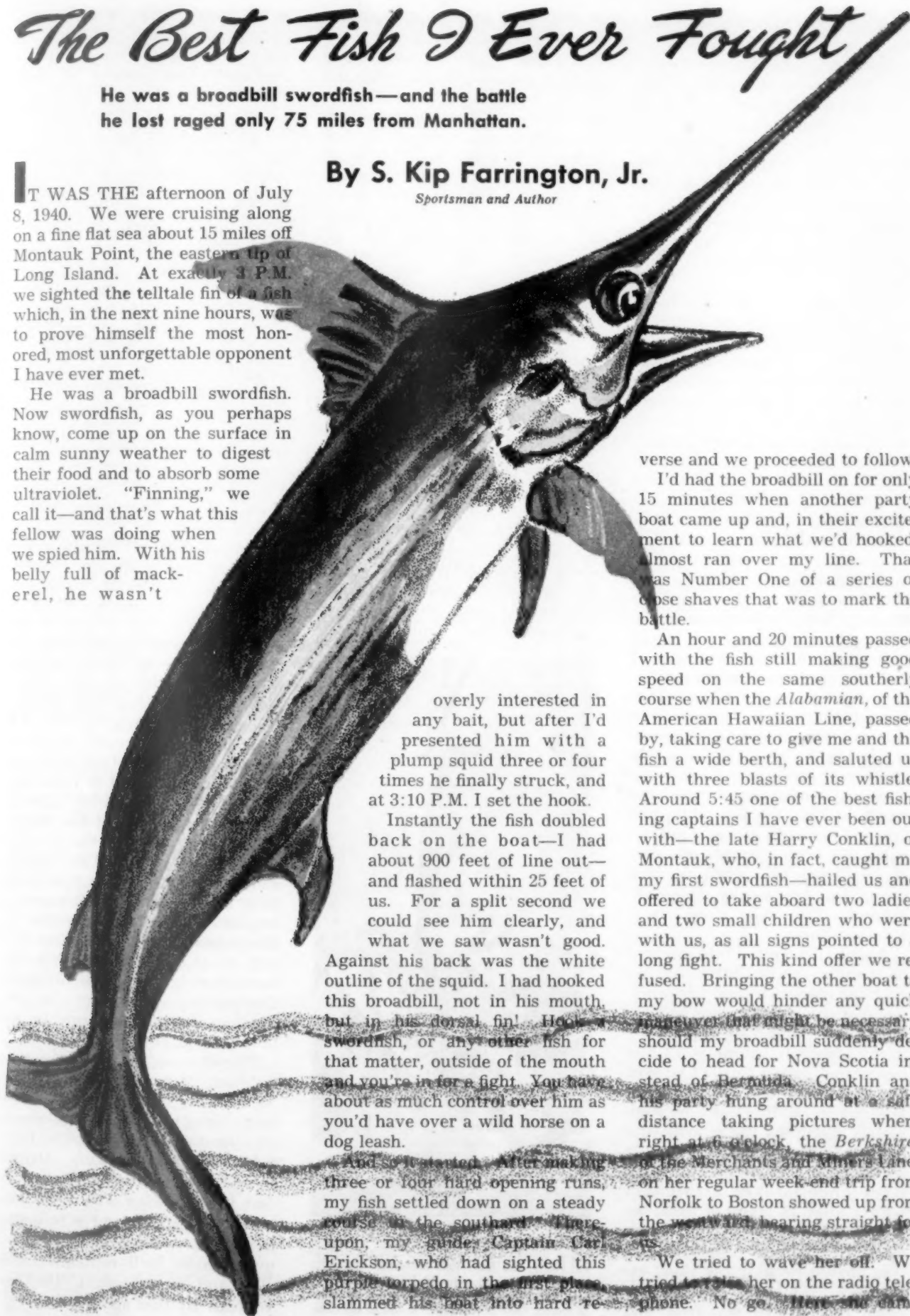
And so it started. After making three or four hard opening runs, my fish settled down on a steady course to the southward. Thereupon, my guide, Captain Carl Erickson, who had sighted this purple torpedo in the first place, slammed his boat into hard re-

verse and we proceeded to follow.

I'd had the broadbill on for only 15 minutes when another party boat came up and, in their excitement to learn what we'd hooked, almost ran over my line. That was Number One of a series of close shaves that was to mark the battle.

An hour and 20 minutes passed with the fish still making good speed on the same southerly course when the *Alabamian*, of the American Hawaiian Line, passed by, taking care to give me and the fish a wide berth, and saluted us with three blasts of its whistle. Around 5:45 one of the best fishing captains I have ever been out with—the late Harry Conklin, of Montauk, who, in fact, caught me my first swordfish—hailed us and offered to take aboard two ladies and two small children who were with us, as all signs pointed to a long fight. This kind offer we refused. Bringing the other boat to my bow would hinder any quick maneuver that might be necessary should my broadbill suddenly decide to head for Nova Scotia instead of Bermuda. Conklin and his party hung around at a safe distance taking pictures when, right at 6 o'clock, the *Berkshire*, of the Merchants and Miners Line, on her regular week-end trip from Norfolk to Boston showed up from the westward, bearing straight for us.

We tried to wave her off. We tried to radio her on the radio telephone. No go. Here she came





hauling right down on us. Evidently the officer on watch wanted to treat his passengers and himself to a closeup of the proceedings. Luckily for me, I always keep as close as possible to the fish I am fighting. Thus when the steamer passed within 150 feet of me, I was able to keep the swordfish from being cut off. That was close shave Number Two—accompanied, I am afraid, by some language I would not be proud to insert here.

It was now near dusk. Conklin had said good night and started inshore, and then the shark showed up. Now, a shark, as probably everybody knows, is the bane of the deep-sea fisherman. Let him take one bite, however small, out of the big fellow you've hooked and your catch is disqualified from competition. That's bad enough with any fish—a tuna, a tarpon, a marlin, or what have you—but for a shark to sneak in and cut you out of the joy of hanging up a broadbill swordfish—that would be pure unadulterated calamity! Why, some people have been out after broadbills for 15 years or more without success. It took me six long years to get my first one. It wasn't I but rather the fish there on the other end of the taut vibrating line, however, that solved my shark problem. No shark was going to get him! Almost all sharks are cowards and won't attack a big fish while he's "green"—which simply means wild. So, with a couple of smart slashes from his sword my fish drove the big toothy sissy off. Whew! That was close shave Number Three.

About 7:30 we ran into a school of bonitos—those little fellows with the blue backs and silver bellies that run about as long as your forearm. Well, that spelled "chow" to my broadbill, whereupon I had one of the biggest thrills I've ever got from fishing. Chasing and slashing in all directions, he completely disrupted the school—and kept, I'd guess, a couple dozen of its slower pupils after class. Zane Grey once hooked a swordfish which, after 11 hours of fight, began to feed on flying fish. Here, after only four and a half hours, I was having roughly the same experience. At length my fish decided that supper was over and

my rod stopped whipping and resumed its old arc.

It's pretty well agreed among salt-sea anglers that swordfish get much tougher after dark. I can bear that out. With darkness now lowering upon us, I fought my fish in closer, and the closer I brought him, the madder he got. Suddenly he started to chase us, right in our wake. Captain Erickson ordered full throttle on both motors. At that clip we sped dead ahead for an hour and a half. Throughout that extraordinary performance the big fish was virtually staring us in the face. I had only 15 feet of line off my reel and was using a 15-foot leader. Thus he was only 30 feet from our stern. What luck to have only a flashlight to see him by. That we termed close shave Number Four, for if he'd suddenly decided to chase wide open the other way. I might not have this story to tell.

Quieting down now, the fish resumed his trek to the south with no reduction of his earlier speed. At 9:30 we estimated he had taken us about 22 miles from where we had hooked him. From 10 o'clock

on I fought him with all my strength and with all I had ever learned about fishing. Half an hour later he showed his first signs of weakening. A little after 11 he gave up swimming straight ahead and began to circle, which is a sure sign a big fish is almost finished. At two minutes before midnight he came up stone dead. Exactly at the stroke of midnight—eight hours and 50 minutes after he was hooked—Erickson drove the gaff home and I jumped out of the chair and put the tail rope around his tail. He had given all he had and had fought to death. Certainly you can ask no more of any fish or human.

Unable to pull him aboard—he had worn the whole crew to a frazzle—we tied the fish across our stern and headed back for Montauk, where we arrived at 5 in the morning. A long ride, but always a pleasant one when the fish is in the boat.

I've had the good fortune to fish in the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to the West Indies and in the Pacific from Washington State to Chile and yet this stretch of sea only 75 beeline miles from the Empire State Building brought me together with the best fish I ever fought. To the 12,000 or more readers of this magazine who, I'm told, will gather in Atlantic City for a great postwar Convention of Rotary International in June, this should mean something special, for the famous city of the Boardwalk fronts right on this part of the watery world I'm talking about. Which means that with their own or rented tackle and in fishing cruisers or from piers the thousands of anglers in that Rotary throng can fill in their idle hours during, before, or after the Convention with some of the greatest sport in the world in one of the world's best places for it.

The chances are you won't be fighting 500-pound swordfish off New Jersey in June, but you will be catching small tuna, white marlin, bonitos, false albacore, bluefish, weakfish, croakers, striped bass, seabass, porgies, and fluke. But the Rotarian who does happen to hook and land a broadbill swordfish—well, after the battle's over maybe he'll remember this story and say to himself, "Brother, you can say *that* again!"



HERE ARE the principals in the tempestuous drama related here: Author Farrington (left); the fish; two crewmen. A 316-pound broadbill swordfish, the fish led this noted New York angler across 22 miles of ocean, took almost nine hours of his time.



THE UNO BIG THREE—Andrei Vishinsky, of Russia; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., of the United States; and Ernest Bevin, of Great Britain.

## Observing UNO for Rotary

By Lester B. Struthers

*European Secretary of Rotary International*

*You couldn't be in London for the General Assembly sessions? Then read this from-the-gallery account.*

**F**ACTUAL information about the General Assembly of the United Nations Organization (UNO), which opened in London on January 10, and a description of the results have appeared daily in the press and in periodical literature.\* So, I turn to the experiences and reactions of one of Rotary International's observers there.

Arriving in London by plane from Zurich, I had but three bits of information. The first, that Rotary International (RI) had been accorded one observer's seat at the Assembly with a chance of others later and that President T. A. Warren had instructed me to use that seat. The second, that the General Secretary of Rotary In-

ternational in Great Britain and Ireland (RIBI), Fred Hickson, had booked me a hotel room. The third, that Past President Charles Byers, of the Rotary Club of London, would use the other ticket if another should be made available. After a quick visit with Hickson we went together to Church House to the offices of the temporary secretariat of UNO.

At Church House amid scores of offices and hundreds of members of the staff, we found the Chief of Outside Liaison, J. A. Farrell, a Canadian. From him an expression of appreciation that RI had found it possible to send an observer and a very evident desire to extend every possible courtesy. Farrell stated that those in UNO who had seen copies of the book *From Here On!*, published by Ro-

tary as a guide for the study of the United Nations Charter, had been impressed by this thorough piece of work.

We also learned that there would be a seat for RI and a seat for RIBI, but that because of the large number of outside organizations which were asking for seats, no additional space could be made available to RI. By phone, arrangements were made for Rotarian Byers to start using the seat as an alternate beginning the first of the next week. Later after a further cable from President Tom, J. H. B. Young, of Canterbury, England, Vice-President of RIBI, became the second alternate for RI. The RIBI seat, which was next to the RI seat, was occupied by a succession of present and past officers of RIBI, beginning, of

\* For the Assembly's place in UNO, see *Small States and the Charter*, by Herbert Vere Evatt, *THE ROTARIAN*, September, 1945.

course, with Tom Benson, President of RIBI.

On the afternoon of the 'opening, Central Hall, where the Assembly met, was simply and effectively decorated with the flags of the 51 nations displayed from flagstuffs ranged across the top of the front of the building. In the space before the Hall were thousands of excited spectators waiting for a glimpse of the notables. I entered early through two ranks of Marine Guards and some very obvious plain-clothes men and made my way to the RI seat in the very last row of the press gallery. The view was meager—only of the seats for a dozen or so delegations which were at the front of the auditorium—though the view of the stage was excellent.

There was less excitement than at a Rotary Convention. Gradually the members of the several delegations strolled in with but little greeting of each other and none of the interest one might have expected, the "See! There is Mr. Bevin" sort of thing. The most obvious sign of life came from the flashlights of some 40 press photographers who kept up an almost continuous display of white fireworks.

At five minutes before 3 the temporary chairman and the temporary secretary took their seats quietly. About two minutes before the hour the temporary chairman rapped for order and asked the delegations which had not

done so to find their places, and at a minute after 3 he declared the session open. He made a short speech of welcome which was translated, there was a response, and the opening ceremony was over. It was as simple at that. Immediately the Assembly proceeded to its business, the naming of a credentials committee and the selection of the permanent chairman for this meeting of the Assembly. For three days the work of organizing the UNO rolled along fairly smoothly in accordance with the Charter and the rules of procedure drafted by the Preparatory Commission. True there were incidents, some amusing, some puzzling. But Chairman Spaak handled the Assembly in a masterful way, always courteous and affable, but correct and firm in his insistence that the game must be played according to the rules.

Even in his selection as chairman there was an incident. One delegation nominated a candidate for chairman. There was no provision for such a nomination. Then another delegation moved for election of the nominee by acclamation. The temporary chairman pointed out that the rules called for a secret ballot. A secret ballot was had and Mr. Spaak, whose name had not been mentioned on the floor, was selected as permanent chairman.

Then during the selection of the members of the Security Council and of the Economic and Social

Council\* there were a couple of tied votes. No machinery had been established to cope with such a situation, and it looked as though the balloting might go on interminably. In each case the delegation from one of the two tied countries graciously withdrew amid generous applause from the Assembly, an indication of the harmonious spirit and of the desire to make things go which pervaded the Assembly.

There was one occasion where the rules provided that if at that juncture a tie developed, the chairman should draw lots. Great hilarity reigned when the chairman had to reach into the huge ballot box and draw out the name of the winning country.

**T**HERE was the moment when the head of one delegation rose to assert that he saw absolutely eye to eye with the chairman, but when he sat down the chairman had to point out to him that the proposal made by the chairman was just the opposite to that of which the delegation had indicated its approval. This was typical of several misunderstandings due to difference of language, a living proof that someday there will have to be a universal auxiliary language.

Objections were voiced. Delays were sought. Immediately some wondered whether there was an ulterior motive, a political play. Perhaps there was, but usually second thought provided some other logical explanation.

The second week was devoted almost entirely to what was termed a debate on the *Report of the Preparatory Commission*. It was a series of speeches by the several delegations, each of which paid a well-deserved tribute to Britain and to London and to those who had prepared for the Assembly. It is very hard to say this same thing over in different terms 50 times and before the end of the week that portion of the speeches was frankly boring. Some of the delegations presented points of view on proposals made in the *Report*. It [Continued on page 59]

\*A chart of UNO's component bodies appears on page 9 of THE ROTARIAN for September, 1945. Joseph Paul-Boncour's *Stronger Than the League*, October, 1945, told of the Security Council. For a description of the Economic and Social Council, see *San Francisco Just Started It!*, by James T. Shotwell, November, 1945.

## OBSERVERS FOR ROTARY

THESE three men were accredited observers for Rotary International at the first United Nations General Assembly sessions, held in London, January 20 to February 14.

Dr. Struthers, as European Secretary from 1937 on, was Rotary observer at League of Nations meetings in Geneva. Later as Assistant General Secretary, he was one of the 11 "consultants" supplied by Rotary on request of the U. S.



Byers

Young

Struthers

State Department for the American delegation at the San Francisco Conference, where the United Nations Organization was blueprinted.

By having observers at the General Assembly meetings in London, Rotary International maintains a continuity in its contacts with great international and world organizations.





"I WONDER why old dogs must forever be learning new tricks? Every time one crosses a border . . . there are strange currencies."

## Is All This Really Necessary?

By Channing Pollock

Author and Lecturer

*Wherein the author cites for no honors some very old customs that pull the punches of international goodwill.*

**A** FRIEND in London once confided in me that he had never spent a holiday on the Continent because "they drive on the wrong side of the street." Not "on the right side, while we drive on the left," mind you, but "on the *wrong* side." I've often related this as an illustration of instinctive intolerance, but it's even more an instance of how firmly our habits become fixed, and how much we are troubled by the need of setting them aside.

As a matter of fact, I wonder why old dogs must forever be learning new tricks? Every time one crosses a border in Europe, or, to some degree, in the United States, there are strange currencies, customs, languages, weights, and measures, and what not, which partly explain why the people with whom they are regulation continue to seem strangers. Few Americans really speak English, and fewer Englishmen speak American—both actually as many

different tongues as there are localities—but all of us understand one another, and that's the chief reason for the bond between the two nations. A man belongs to your lodge when you use the same high-sign, and everybody has a weakness for members of his own lodge.

Homo sapiens, who isn't always so sapient, doesn't want to be bothered or confused, and Heaven knows there's been plenty of bother and confusion when he began mixing with "foreigners." Take money, for example—and most of us are willing to take as much of it as we can get. But even a seasoned old traveller like myself can go haywire trying to recall how many cents make a penny, and whether drachmas or taels make sense.

I shall never forget my first arrival in Hong Kong—from Java. The porters refused to accept any of the various currencies in my pockets, so I carried the lot to a

money-changer near the hotel, who calculated with an abacus, or bunch of wooden balls sliding on wires, and I shall never know how I happened to get what I got for my coin collection. Neither shall I ever know what it was worth on the home grounds. Anyway, it wasn't worth much when we entered the next Province, because every Province has its own currency and snoots the other fellows'. In my opinion, the Chinese are the most nearly civilized people on earth, and why they must have as many kinds of money as Americans have accents completely baffles me.

Not that, in any area of comparable size, Europe is better off. You can't travel overnight from Paris in any direction without beginning the next day by exchanging your bank roll. Mostly, value is fixed by the decimal system—or, rather, in recent years, it hasn't been fixed at all.

When [Continued on page 60]



Photo: Black Star

**HERE IS DRAMA!** Even before the battle of Europe ended, the Dutch took up their ancient struggle against the sea, mending dikes blasted open by both the Allies and the invaders.

# The Dutch BEAT BACK THE SEA

**T**HE LAND that is called The Netherlands was started aeons ago by gravel and sand washed in by three rivers — the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. The North Sea, at low tide, and sweeping winds heaped dunes of sand.

But the sturdy people who chose to live here wanted more land. So they made it. And the history of the Dutch for centuries is an epic of man against the sea.

Just before the war, they had nipped off a big slice west of the Zuider Zee, with grain fields waving where tides had ebbed and flowed since recorded history began. Note the map below. Forty percent of The Netherlands is below river or sea level. Innumerable canals lace the landscape, with windmills and more modern power plants pumping water back to the rivers and the sea.

The Island of Walcheren had the misfortune to be the logical place for the invading Nazis to build defenses for the great Belgian port of Antwerp. Mammoth concrete fortresses topped strategic points. But the Nazis had not counted on the ancient foe—and friend—of this land. When Allied troops were driving through France, bombs opened Walcheren's dikes at four points and

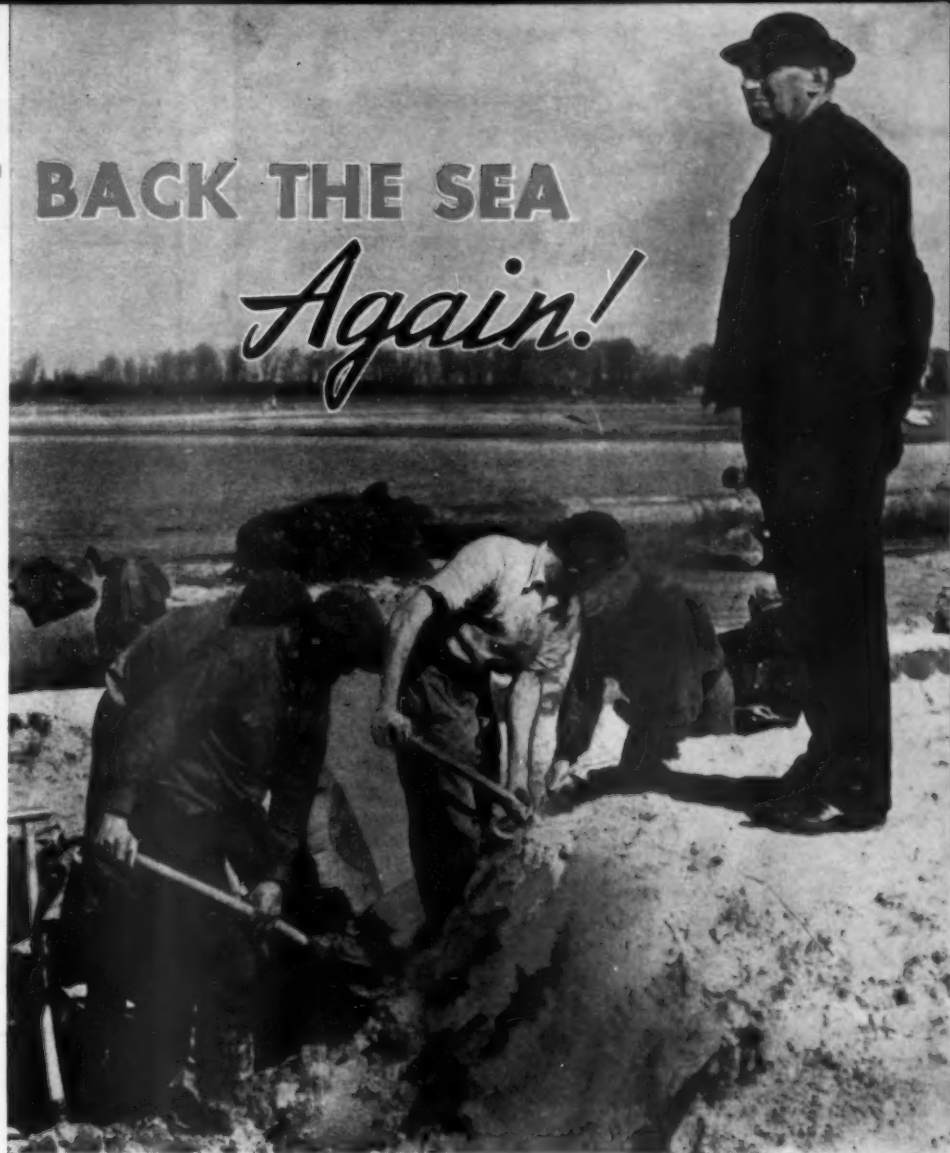


Photo: Black Star

HERE'S HOLLAND personified. Undismayed by the ruin—including drowned-out trees—done by allies as well as Nazis, the dogged Dutch are quietly restoring their war-scarred land.

the sea rolled in, softening the sand under the fortifications and making them impotent.

Just before they left, the invaders did some dike-opening on their own, in Wieringermeer Polder, although it could serve no military purpose.

Repairing the dikes started promptly. The Dutch brought in mountains of clay, sucked up countless tons of sand, and spread great mats of woven willow withes to keep the mass from being washed down by the tides. Invasion barges used by the Allies, as well as some not used by the Nazis, were loaded with concrete and sunk at key points.

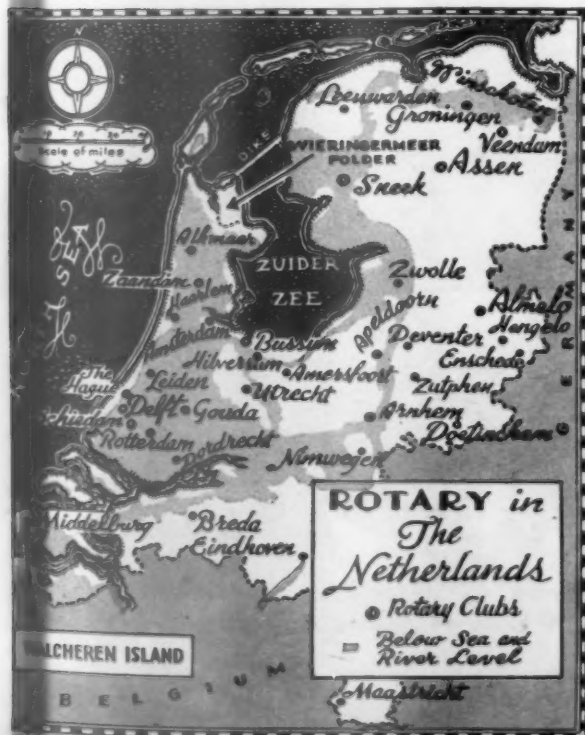
That part of the battle has been won. But now

the land must be chemically treated to kill the effects of the salt. And the people must be fed and clothed with help from the outside—until new crops are harvested and the channels of commerce are cleared.

Here Rotary is helping. The 34 Dutch Clubs which had ceased to exist during the war have been revived. Many have made contact with Clubs in more favored lands; a stream of packets of food and clothing now is flowing to Dutch Rotarians who distribute them to their own members and others in distress.\*

Sparked by determination, the Dutch people are rapidly setting their land in order. For a glimpse of what it used to be and is fast becoming again, turn this page.

\* Such contacts are arranged through the Secretariat of Rotary International. See *Help Where and When Needed*, THE ROTARIAN for March, 1946, pages 38-39.







Ewing Galloway



ROTTERDAM was devastated in the blitzkrieg, but most Dutch cities came out of the war with little damage. Above is a building of the "modern" style in Amsterdam. It is typical of the new architecture found in all Dutch cities.

BUT WHAT prewar tourists looked for was the village, where old and young dressed in costume and the kail-op of wooden shoes could be heard and thrifty housewives scrubbed stone-paved streets. This picture (left) doesn't show the near-by market where cheese epicures could buy Europe's finest.



BUXOM is the only word for this gay maid! She is wearing the costume of Volendam, near Amsterdam.



THE SEA and its lore are a big part of the life of every Dutch lad. Evidently these boys found fun in the oldster's tale—or maybe they just were amused by the cameraman.

# A Great Rotarian

*E. Leslie Pidgeon is gone, but work he started is going on and will go on.*

**By Allen D. Albert**

*President of Rotary International, 1915-16*

**I**F YOU have been a laborer in the field for any one of three certain causes these past 30 years, you may well be familiar with the tall figure of the Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon, D.D., Past President of Rotary International, striding out in front with long and valiant steps. The causes that I have in my mind, now that he is gone, are those of putting religion to work in a man's daily living, working out a man's love of his country in active citizenship, and Rotary as an ideal of service to all a man's brothers everywhere.

I do not know that Leslie Pidgeon would have put these in any order of precedence. He interwove them. I recall him raising a great sum, \$50,000, as I remember after many years, to provide for a study of public education throughout the Dominion of Canada. I had it from his own lips that he put into his zeal for education all that he had of religion and Rotary.

He rose to fame as a clergyman. His congregation in Montreal, Quebec, was that of the Erskine and American United Church and it was said to be recognized as the strongest Protestant church north of the boundary. Seeing him there, speaking to crowded galleries Sunday after Sunday, his proud and yet modest lady and his three children, who gave him so much of refreshment by their progress, must have looked upon that as his greatest pulpit.

Yet I think also of the new life in little schools in far-off British Columbia, of a Rotary Club singing beside the Saguenay Rapids, of the wartime Convention of 1918 in Kansas City over which he presided without passion or bitterness, and I am impressed that the yield of his sowing is wide and the harvest season long.

Leslie came to the international

Convention in San Francisco in 1915 as a delegate from Vancouver, British Columbia. He was quite unknown to most of us. From our first hearing of his English, almost crackling in its explicitness, from our first appreciation that to him Rotary was spirit in action, we marked him for further and still greater speaking of Rotary.

That year we elected him Third Vice-President. Next year we re-elected him. Next year we made him President. So it was that, counting his service as Immediate Past President, he served four consecutive years as a member of the international Board. There are other distinctions that no man may share in Rotary. He was:

The first international President who was not a citizen of the United States; the first international President from Canada; the first international President to exemplify in his own person the teaching of Rotary as of the same substance on either side of any international boundary.

By impulse, conviction, scholarship, he taught everywhere: "In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity." His eloquence and close reasoning supported the consolidation of the Protestant denominations of Canada. It was only fitting that when he was to be nominated for the Presidency of Rotary, it should be done by the Rev. Father John Handley, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

Leslie was the seventh of seven early Presidents privileged to give form and voice to Rotary. We other six all loved him.



R. R. Eversly

DR. PIDGEON, who served as seventh President of Rotary International, died in Montreal, Que., Canada, February 1.

He openly admired Paul Harris, the Founder, for his open-mindedness. He confirmed the work of Glenn Mead, who federated the Clubs into a unity. He and Russell Greiner were alike extenders of Rotary and Leslie recognized the resoluteness of the third President.

Like President Frank Mulholland he had a talent for financial administration. From the latter came the setup wherewith Rotary International need never have a bill it cannot pay. Through three years as a Director and one year as President, Leslie upheld and strengthened that plan. Likewise he took from President Arch Klumph a widening of Rotary activities, a favor for the fine arts, an expansion into Latin America, as phases of progress he must maintain.

This is not the all of Leslie Pidgeon. He had in his personality something of the intrepid *voyageurs*, something of the monks of the Middle Ages poring over their scholarship, something of the goodness and loveliness of the early fathers of the church.

We may think of him, now that he is gone, as the bearer of the Rotary torch. Any who would take it from his hand must reach high as he did.



## Who's to Blame for Juvenile Crime?

**"ARE** parents or society responsible for juvenile crime?" That was the question before America's Town Meeting of the Air when, on February 21, that famed radio forum designated its regular weekly broadcast "Rotary Night." Rotary International, a long-time friend of youth, was that week marking its 41st anniversary.

To American Broadcasting Company microphones in New York City, Town Hall's genial moderator George V. Denny, Jr., brought the four speakers of wide prominence shown below (left to right): Columnist Dorothy Thompson, Moderator Denny, Anthropologist Ethel Alpenfels, Boys Town's Father Edward J. Flanagan, and U. S. Attorney General Tom Clark (at microphone). Their messages, slightly abridged, follow. The local and listening audiences, both bursting with questions (left) in the best Town Hall tradition, numbered an estimated 10 million.

Photos (below) Ozern





# 1. A Few Pertinent Facts and Figures

By Tom Clark

*Attorney General of the United States*

**A**S YOUR Attorney General, I have been asked to bring you the facts and the figures, the tragic evidence of juvenile crime, to set the stage, as it were, for the experts. As a lawyer of the people, I will place the case before you. I hope that all of you who are listening in will be the jury.

First, remember, in percentage and numbers, the good boys and the good girls far outnumber those who are juvenile delinquents.

This is what the scoreboard says on juvenile delinquency: 15 percent of all the murders in America are committed by persons under 21 years of age. Twenty-one percent of all crime in America is committed by this same age group.

Here are some more of the figures chargeable to some of our youth: 62 percent of all car thefts; 51 percent of all burglaries, over half of them; 36 percent of all other robberies; 34 percent of all the thefts; 26 percent of all the arsons; 30 percent of all rapes.

The arrest of girls under 18 years of age has increased 198 percent between 1939 and 1945.

For boys under 18, here is some distressing arithmetic, the arithmetic of crime. Since 1939 the arrests have increased 39 percent for robbery, 48 percent for homicide, 55 percent for automobile thefts, 70 percent for rape, 72 percent for assault, and 101 percent for drunkenness. I repeat: this is for boys under 18 years of age.

I do not see any sharp decrease in immediate prospect. These statistics were gathered from a survey of 51 million of our population, over one-third of the country.

Shortly after I took office last July, a man from a Midwest city, a manufacturer of war materials, came into my office in Washington and asked that he be prosecuted for the violation of the Federal law in the place of his 17-year-old son who had been picked up by the FBI.

Mr. Hoover, my associate and Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation,\* had the full facts in this case. We settled it happily for all concerned. The youth had fallen into bad company. He was not a bad boy and the law could see its way clear to give him probation.

All this set me to thinking.

Later Mr. Hoover brought me the results of an exhaustive survey that his agents had made. Thereupon I recommended to the United States attorneys of the country that they consider the adoption of a plan of deferred prosecution which permits, in proper cases, probation for youthful first offenders and eliminates the filing of an information or indictment against their names. If the youngster goes straight, the stigma of a criminal record is thus removed.

The stigma of such a record often leads youngsters



TOM CLARK is a Texan, born in Dallas in 1899. He studied law and practiced in the Lone Star State until 1937, when he was appointed special assistant to the Attorney General in Washington.

further and further into criminal careers. In some communities, 70 percent of those who acquire criminal records go back to crime. I have no lack of faith in American youth, but I do believe that the rise in juvenile delinquency can and should be halted and many of our young men and women returned to the paths of good citizenship.

To this end I formed, with the approval of our President, Harry S. Truman, an organization known as the Attorney General's Panel on Juvenile Problems.

Last week the first meeting of the members of this panel was held in my office in Washington to discuss the problems on a nation-wide basis. They came from far and near, leaving their homes mostly in bad weather. Father Flanagan made a perilous flight all the way from Cincinnati and nearly lost his life when an automobile in which he was travelling to my office there in Washington skidded on the icy streets and almost went into the river.

This panel, after two days of deliberation, made the following recommendations among others: that the Department of Justice study and develop programs for the rehabilitation of offenders against Federal laws, and, further, to assist the States and the communities in coöperation with other Federal agencies by the distribution of information and other aids.

The panel further recommended a larger and wider representative conference to be held in Washington to develop a specific program of public information for the enlistment of community and juvenile interests and for progressive legislation. That is what we're trying to do in Washington.

\* See *Postwar Crime Wave Unless*—, by J. Edgar Hoover, THE ROTARIAN, April, 1945.



BORN IN IRELAND, Father Edward Joseph Flanagan came to the United States in 1904, became a Roman Catholic priest in 1912. The movie *Boys Town* brought fame to his boys' home in Omaha, Nebr.

## 2. Who's to Blame? It's Home and Society!

**By Father Flanagan**

*Founder of Boys Town, Omaha, Nebr.*

**Y**ES, Mr. Attorney General, I was never so near death in my life, but, thank God, we made it and here we are to carry on where we left off in Washington. People everywhere are asking what is wrong with our boys and our girls. I would like to tell you what is wrong with our parents and society.

The time has come for us to stop acting like the complacent Mr. Dooley who confided that "everybody is queer but me and thee and sometimes I think thee is a little queer."

Are parents or society responsible for juvenile delinquency? Of course, both are responsible.

Have you ever considered from what kind of homes our unfortunate boys and girls come? They come from broken homes, from underprivileged homes, from homes where parents fight and quarrel, from homes where God is unwelcome or unknown—from almost every kind of home, in fact, except the kind to which every child of God is entitled.

The home is a natural and divinely appointed unit of society. Upon the parents fall the duty and the privilege of rearing children for citizenship and service for God. However, in the background of our unfortunate boys and girls you will find a story of

shocking neglect. Parents have not done their job. They've been so busy making a living or striving for social preference that they have had no time for their children.

But parents cannot escape their responsibility for the kind of homes which are a poor second to the cheap tavern and the pool hall.

I would like to tell you about one of my boys. Frankie came from such a home. His stepmother drank heavily and often. She wasn't very particular about the sanctity of her marriage vows. She was abusive. Frankie's father was a stockbroker, but he lost his business and ended up on WPA. Frankie didn't like his home. He ran away. Then one day he got a gun and broke into a home. At Boys Town he received the attention and training he should have received at home. His adjustment was splendid. Today Frankie is an aviation radioman in the Navy and he's making a good record.

Nobody expects a machine to turn out a first-class product when parts are broken or worn by much friction. Can we expect first-class citizens to come from homes that are broken or where parents fail to do their job?

This is my creed: There is no bad boy. There are only bad examples, bad parents, bad environment.

No boy can do better if he does not know better. Education is necessary. However, because a boy knows better, it does not follow that he will do better. Education needs to be backed by moral precepts and Christian example. And here is where society has missed the mark. Unemployment, sweatshops, crowded tenements, and slum districts are not conducive to right thinking and good living. They are not evidence of Christian example.

Who unless society is to blame because children have no place to play except the streets? Who unless society is to blame for the magazines of sex and crime that can be bought at almost any newsstand by any boy or girl with a few pennies?

We are shocked at the story of 10-year-old Cornelius who pushed his way into the dining room of Manhattan's Mid-Town House, and, brandishing two toy pistols, exclaimed, "This is a stick-up." Cornelius told police he must have made a mistake. He had seen it all done successfully in a movie on 14th Street.

We raise our eyebrows, but our eyes remain closed. Let's be honest with our boys and girls. Every time we step up to the box office, we put a stamp of approval on the kind of movie that is showing, and, again, who unless society is responsible for easy divorce laws which would make marriage a matter of convenience? What right have we to point a finger of blame at the innocent victim of a broken home when we tolerate lust and licentiousness under the thin guise of legality?

Punishing our boys and girls will not eliminate the cause of their mistakes. A stronger padlock does not make a better boy. Our unfortunate children are spiritually sick. We do not attempt to eliminate yellow fever by pouring kerosene on the victims. We pour it on the water where the mosquito breeds. Let us stop blaming juveniles for their mistakes and put the responsibility where it belongs—on parents and society.

### 3. Flat Shinbones Are Not Very Important

By Ethel Alpenfels

*Anthropologist, University of Chicago*

**Y**ESTERDAY in Detroit I talked with a high-school boy. I asked him what he thought caused juvenile delinquency. He said, "You know what's wrong? It's the family. Family life here in the United States is so poorly glued together that the children get stuck in the glue."

This boy put his finger on the point, it seems to me. So many families are just glued together.

He's not the only one who feels that way. In another large city 400 children were asked by their teacher, "What do you think are the causes of juvenile crime?" Their answer, too, was the parents. But that was their second answer. No place to play seemed to them to be more important.

The 400 children who answered the question "What is wrong?" said, "We have no place to play," and the high-school boy says, "It is the family."

The anthropologist, however, would answer that question and say, in addition, children have needs over and beyond those which can be met by their families. These needs must be satisfied. All children need to be wanted. All children need to succeed. All children need to be respected. And, most important of all, all children need to belong.

Mr. Clark has given us some startling figures, and yet when we break them down, we find that it is two groups in America who furnish more than their share of juvenile offenders—our people of low income and our minority groups. So we can ask the question, "What does society do to them that they have so much juvenile crime?"

We might look at second-generation Americans, for example—26 million in the United States. Too many of them live between two worlds—the Old World values of their parents and the New World values of the United States. The children become the victims.

Mrs. Kulitch, for example, could not understand why her daughter didn't want to wear long underwear to school. But her daughter was ashamed to wear long underwear. "None of the other kids," she said, "ever wore it." So everyday she hid her underwear in a different spot in the house. But her mother followed her around and found the spots and made her wear it. So Mary didn't go to school, and truancy, the danger signal in all juvenile crime, began.

But it wasn't just the long underwear. Mary wanted to be like all the other children in her school. She wanted to "belong."

But it is not only the children of the poor and our minority groups whom we fail today. We have failed all youth when we do not recognize that youth is a period of great emotional insecurity. Juvenile crime is but one aspect of our failure to satisfy human needs—our failure, simply, in human relations.

We, in America, have too long stressed the differ-



ETHEL ALPENFELS, as an anthropologist, is an expert on man's customs and physical make-up. She is now with the Bureau of Intercultural Education, on leave from the University of Chicago.

ences among people—differences of nationality, differences of religion, and differences of race.

What, really, do these differences amount to? The anthropologist would say they don't amount to much. He would say, "Yes, there are differences, but what of it?" For example, in determining the race you belong to, one of the traits which the anthropologist uses, of some 50 others, is the shape of your shinbone, whether your shinbone is flat or slightly rounded.

And yet I'm sure there's no person in this audience who knows, or would care if he did know, what shape his shinbone is. That, of course, is because no one can see what shape it is and no one but the anthropologist really cares. Yet in determining the race you belong to, the shape of your shinbone is just as important as the color of your skin.

It makes as little sense to say that a boy with a flat shinbone is more likely to steal than a boy with a rounded shinbone, as it does to say that a boy with one colored skin is more likely to be a criminal than a boy with another colored skin.

We must begin today, it seems to me, to begin to think of people as persons, of children as persons, and not as members of a single group, not to ask their name, not to ask which side of the railroad track they live on.

Only when we begin to give each boy and girl a chance to rise on his or her own ability as an individual will we begin to understand juvenile crime, and only then, when we give each individual his chance, will we get at the root of juvenile crime.

Learning how to live together is the fundamental problem of our nation and of the world today.



# 4. Bad Boy, Good Boy, Look to the Home!

By Dorothy Thompson

Columnist and Commentator

**T**HE home, since it is the first contact of the child with life and society, is undoubtedly the most influential force. The influences playing upon the young child, from the persons closest to him, the persons from whom he first derives the feeling of security or insecurity, confidence or fear, respect or inferiority, are probably the most decisive for his whole lifetime.

All of that becomes part of him by the process which psychologists call "identification." A child first identifies himself with his parents—the boy with his father, whom he imitates, as a girl does with her mother.

Later, he compares him with other boys' fathers, and if he finds him inferior, he finds himself inferior. Or if society presents him as inferior because, for instance, he is a workingman, or because he perhaps belongs to a recent immigrant group, then the child feels that inferiority.

It happened that only last week I had a conversation with the psychologist of a great State prison, and when I asked him what was the cause of juvenile crime, he answered, "Insecurity." When I asked him what sort of insecurity, material or emotional, he replied, "Both. But emotional insecurity is far the worst."

Emotional insecurity arises from neglect or lack of faith in parents, or being deprived of one parent through the break-up of the home—the sense of being cheated which makes the child feel, if only subconsciously, that the world owes him something, which he has the right to collect or to avenge.

But this process of identification doesn't stop with the parents. As the child goes out of the home to school, into the streets, into the company of companions, as his environment enlarges, everything he hears, sees, touches, tastes, and smells becomes part of him. All excitements, thrills, sensations, observations, conscious or unconscious, become part of him, registering if not on his brain, on his nerves and his reactions.

So when I asked my own 15-year-old-son what he thought more responsible for juvenile delinquency—home or society—he replied instantly, "Society."

When I asked him to explain, he said, "A fellow's individual home or his school can't compete with everything around him, with the tabloids, and the movies, and the radio, and the things other fellows do, and their parents let them do and girls do, and their folks let them do." He said, "What do you continually see and hear? Crime and sex, sex and crime, and war, shooting, killing, hating."

My boy said, "Every fellow, you know, Mother, wants to be a 'big shot.' And from most of what we see, a 'big shot' is a cop, or a robber, or the guy that gets the girl, or a fellow who captures a bunch of Japs or Krauts. We can't do the latter because we're too young, we can't be cops, but older girls will string along with us because there aren't so many older



Photo: Perkins

MORE THAN 125 papers use Dorothy Thompson syndicated comment on world affairs. She is frequently heard over the air. She is a graduate of Syracuse University and also studied in Vienna.

fellows around because of the war. Though the movies and radio serials all say crime doesn't pay, the criminals are big, dangerous guys, and lots of fellows like to think they are big and dangerous supermen."

So there's the identification process all over again—the adolescent youth at just the moment when all his instincts are awakening, sometimes awakening very violently, identifying himself with every character he sees on the screen, or reads about, or hears dramatized on the radio, goes first vicariously through a series of violent sensations until the temptation arises to realize them in actuality. Some of the radio programs, some of the movies, the tabloids, the increased time outside the home, made possible in many cases by, I think, too lax and easygoing education in the schools.

The many invitations to sexual precocity and sensational excitement, as well as the examples of human behavior among adults which the young see all around them, work powerfully even upon that youth which has been brought up with strong inhibitions, fostered by careful and responsible parents. How much worse, then, the effect on neglected children who have been early thrown into contact with life that is coarse, and crude, and ugly, and without standards.

The child who has been started wrong in his own home has a very bad outlook in society as at present constituted. The sources of juvenile crime are psychological. In the home begin the traumas from which the child has difficulty in escaping and for which later our society provides more stimulation than corrective influence.



Little things, yes—the acts of common kindness these stories relate—but it's the little things that count, they say. We pay a \$5 war savings stamp for all items used. Send yours.—*The Editors.*

## Not in the Headlines

### Trick with Brick

Halfway to our favorite fishing hole a tire went "boom." We had a spare, all right, but no jack. "Nope," said the farmer to whose place we had walked, "I haven't got a jack either, but mebbe I can help." Stowing an armload of bricks in his car, he drove us to the scene of our "disaster" and laid the bricks in stair-step style in front of the "flat." Then he instructed me to hop in and inch the car forward so as to stop on top of the stairs. This done, he placed a prop under the axle, knocked out the bricks, put on our spare, and waved us on our way, refusing any pay. Neither courtesy nor ingenuity is yet dead!—*W. P. CREECH, Clayton, North Carolina.*

### A Shirt Tale

"I still haven't been able to find a shirt." A friend and I, both recently returned veterans, were looking into the window of a haberdashery in a strange town and I had just made that remark. A man standing near us overheard it and said, "Come on in, son, and I'll see what I can do for you. He was the proprietor. Opening his store—it was after hours—he searched his stocks and found just one shirt my size. Saying he would have more in a week, he took my name and address and offered to send me a couple. I could send him a money order when they arrived. The age of chivalry in business is not yet over.—*JACK E. RITCHIE, Leechburg, Pennsylvania.*

### Shirt off His Back

A friend of mine, four months pregnant, was thrown from a station wagon in a traffic accident and sustained deep facial wounds. A motorist who witnessed the

accident rendered expert first aid, tearing his own shirt into strips and stanching the profuse bleeding of the woman's cuts. Then he saw her transported to the nearest hospital and called the next day to inquire of her condition. The quick action of this good Samaritan doubtless saved the life of my friend, the mother of two small children. Said the grateful husband, "I don't even know his name. The least I could do would be to buy him another shirt."—*MRS. J. O. EMMERICH, McComb, Mississippi.*

### Might Makes Right-of-Way

There is a man in our town who is of wondrous size. He's built like two football players. The story of how he used that breadth to aid a lady in distress has just come to the ears of our Rotary Club, of which he is an esteemed member. It seems that during the Christmas holidays he was in Union Station in St. Louis and overheard a redcap say to a woman, "Lady, I wouldn't try to take you through that mob for \$5." Offering to help, our man picked up her suitcases, bade her and her two small children follow, and cut a swath wide enough for a truck right through the dense milling mass of humanity. Taking the three people to their railroad car, he found them a seat, tipped his hat, and departed.—*A. F. GOLDSMITH, Robinson, Illinois.*

### Nominated for Heaven

Back in the days when the military had priority on the air lines, my daughter and her baby were put off a plane at Tallahassee, Florida. To help them find a place to stay, a girl in the airport office phoned every local hotel. There were no rooms available. The

baby was hungry, crying, and in need of a bath; my daughter was desperate. And then—the girl at the airport asked her how she'd like to go to *her* home. To make a long story short, my daughter went, found that the lady of the house had breakfast ready to serve and water warm for bottle and bath. The man of the house was already en route to the airport to pick up my daughter's luggage. Later he drove them to the train. When people will do such things for perfect strangers, their names must surely be recorded in heaven.—*MRS. B. H. BLANC, Berlin, Wisconsin.*

### Friend—Down Mexico Way

It happened last Autumn on a beautiful highway in Mexico. To avoid hitting a long-horned cow, my father suddenly stopped our car and the jolt loosened a connecting rod in the engine. We were stalled in the night 60 miles from our destination. Fearing that approaching cars might hit us, we blinked our lights, sounded our horn, and waved flashlights. At length headlights came rapidly toward us. It was a truck. The driver slowed down and stopped. Understanding our plight rather than our Spanish, he towed us ten miles to the next village. "Cuanto vale?" ("How much?"), asked my father. "Por nada. Gracias" ("For nothing. Thank you."), answered our truck driver.—*GEORGE G. SWANSON, San Francisco, California.*

### Sister-ly Act

In a remnant store in Turner Falls, Massachusetts, one recent morning a saleswoman was trying various samples of flannel against a man's nightgown. "Which do you think matches best?" she asked me. Then I learned that a woman had come into the store the day before in search of a man's nightgown. Her husband was very ill with pneumonia and was not comfortable in pajamas. While the saleswoman could not supply the desired nightgown, she had gone home and had unpacked one which had belonged to her deceased husband. This morning she was hurrying to patch a small hole in it—all to aid a sick man she did not know.—*MRS. L. H. REED, Greenfield, Massachusetts.*



IT'S RELAXATION for this lawyer . . . and these housewives find it's more fun to design and to make their chapeaux than to buy them at a hat shop...

## Adults Who Never Learn—Enough!

By Jim Kjelgaard

*They make a Milwaukee suburb's schoolhouse pay extra dividends because it's busy at night as well as by day.*

**Y**OU'VE seen them too—towns bulging with pride over their superb school buildings, buildings which buzz with scholars by day, but are dark and silent at night. That was the way it was in Shorewood, a 15,000-suburb of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, until 1921, just 25 years ago. Then a few citizens pondered this question:

"Are we getting all we can and should out of our 2½-million-dollar investment in our school system?" The answer they gave has attracted nation-wide attention, for it is the famous Shorewood Opportunity School.

It was founded on the principle that education doesn't end with graduation, but is a continuing process that lasts through life. Only adults who had graduated from high school or were beyond high-school age were to be admitted. *The school was to provide opportunity for any adult Shorewoodite to learn anything consistent with good citizenship and good living.*

Within ten years more adults

were enrolled for night classes in Opportunity School than there were children attending all Shorewood schools. And year after year the school maintains its popularity.

Recently an executive, transferred from Philadelphia to Milwaukee, took up a residence on exclusive Lake Drive in Shorewood. Within the short space of five weeks his wife had enrolled in an art metal class.

"Why, you just aren't anybody in Shorewood," she declared, "unless you can work with your hands and make things for yourself. I enter a home and am shown an end table, or a bookcase, or a lamp, made at the Opportunity School. I'm going to learn to make such things myself!"

Money, however, cannot buy an enrollment in Opportunity School nor can lack of money bar one from it. Shorewood-residents pay a dollar enrollment fee for most classes. But if they do not happen to have the dollar, they are enrolled anyway. A Milwaukee

social leader whose husband earns more than \$100,000 a year enrolled in a ukulele club. Finally she became proficient enough to appear in a concert. Among those on the stage with her were the daughter of a mechanic, a milkman, a tannery worker, and a truck driver.

Opportunity School now enrolls some 3,000 adults whose educational background ranges from Ph.D. work to the eighth grade or less. A woman of 93 is an enthusiastic student in the art metal shop. More than 60 percent of Shorewood's adults have attended the school at some time. And by so doing they have come to know and understand not only the subjects they study, but each other.

If ten or more Shorewoodites want to learn something, Opportunity School will engage an instructor. Among the 70-odd courses offered are cosmology or concepts of the universe, Winter sports, ballroom dancing, bridge and skat, dress and hat designing,





Photos: Milwaukee Journal; Opportunity School

shop... but there's nothing that releases the nerve tensions of office and home like choral singing. . . . She's 93 but just loves to work in wrought iron!

photography, home planning, fencing, international cookery, home nursing, interior decoration, child guidance, and duck-decoy making. Wisconsin is duck country, and the decoy-making class has been so popular that sometimes it has been difficult to accommodate all the would-be students.

Some instructors have much less formal education than their students. But they know their subject and are able to impart that knowledge. Thus the golfing instructor is also the "pro" at a well-known Milwaukee golf club and one of the nation's best golfers. The art teachers have achieved enviable reputations in their own field. The swimming instructor has a long string of championships won in tough competition.

Teachers must sustain interest in their own classes. If enrollment drops below ten—say, to seven—the teacher is paid 70 percent of the normal salary. Very small classes, whether whittling or higher mathematics, are usually discontinued. Any course in which enough people remain interested is retained.

But if even one Shorewood resident has vivid interest in a subject and a class isn't justified, steps are taken to help him. Not so long ago, for example, there was a request for instruction in fingerprinting. It would be im-

practical for Opportunity School to teach this, but the person who requested the course was told just how to go about getting the education he desired.

Shorewood's Opportunity School is the stage for real-life drama. . . . Sitting side by side in the sketching class are two men, both with graying hair and the "middle-age bulge." One is the sales manager of a large company who during daylight hours is harried by reconversion problems; the other is a real-estate man who worries with those who need homes. Neither achieves any startling works of art, but both are finding the relaxation they so desperately need. . . . In the art metal shop an attractive girl proudly displays six steins. While her husband was fighting in the Pacific, she came to school

to forget her loneliness. Now that he's back, she still attends classes, with him, to make things for their home. . . . The wife of another ex-serviceman is busily fashioning a bassinet in the wood shop!

In no sense is this school a social rehabilitation center. But there were in Shorewood a man and wife who found themselves going different ways. Both by chance enrolled in the wood shop and, working side by side, found so much of mutual interest in their new hobby that they became reconciled. After nine years they are still a happy couple.

Then there is an executive who, because of nervous strain and overwork, lost confidence in himself—and then his job. His wife got him to enroll in the public-speaking class. Bit by bit, under the guidance of an understanding teacher, he regained poise and confidence. Today he is again on the success ladder, several rungs higher than he was when he fell off.

Such incidents put special meaning into a remark of Harvey Genskow, director of Shorewood's Opportunity School, when asked if it sought to launch careers.

"No," he said. "We think those who come here know how to make a living. We teach them how to live."



H. M. GENSKOW (left) directs Shorewood's Opportunity School. . . . Frank Coffin, president of the Board, is a public-utilities executive and an active Milwaukee Rotarian.



**O**N AN OLD farm over a worked-out coal seam in the Monongahela Valley of Pennsylvania, 50 coal miners have pulled themselves up by their own backbone out of dingy hovels into cozy homes.

Nine years ago these miners were living in grim black shacks; their families, averaging six children apiece, were crowded into four rooms without water or electricity. Today they live in attractive two-story, six-room stone houses—1,100 square feet of floor space. Each house has a bathroom, a modern kitchen, a basement with fruit room and laundry facilities, central heating, hardwood floors, plastered walls, a porch, a lawn, a large poultry house, fruit trees, and two acres of land.

The 50 houses sit in a tree-rimmed hollow, landscaped, with no rows and no two houses exactly alike. Real-estate men recently valued these houses at more than \$6,000; in many parts of the United States they would bring twice that. The miners are acquiring them by monthly payments of \$13, which cover interest, taxes, insurance, and amortization in 20 years. They made no down payment and not a penny of Government money went into the project.

The secret is that, given inspiration and help by the American Friends Service Committee, the miners built the houses themselves. When they started, some had a couple of days' work a week

in the mines, with no prospect of regular employment; some were on relief. All they had plenty of was time. They pooled that, swapped their labor. Now each miner has a \$6,000 house, but owes only for the cost of land and materials, which came to \$2,000. Penn-Craft, as the community is called, is impressive modern evidence that, given intelligent leadership, low-income people can help themselves. Their labor swapping is a pioneer technique here recaptured in a minor setting. That is how the United States started, and grew.

In Fayette County, in 1937, 96 coal mines out of 152 were worked out or closed down; 56 were operating part time; 30 percent of the population was on relief; morale was at the bottom. At this point, Clarence Pickett and Homer Morris, the two Friends who conceived Penn-Craft, suggested that the American Friends Service Committee experiment in homesteading. Some steel companies and other local industries chipped in to finance the experiment. A 200-acre farm was bought, and announcement was made that here was an opportunity to build your own home.

Two hundred and fifty families applied. The Friends weeded these out by careful investigation. When a man was tentatively selected, he was tried out by working on the farm—clearing ground, digging ditches. One man worked until 2:30 one afternoon, then went home, saying that on WPA he never worked more than six hours a day. Seven others quit without even coming for their pay. No man on trial had to be rejected—the weak ones rejected themselves.

Homesteaders had to be miners, partially or wholly unemployed. Most of the men selected were 35 to 45 years old. They represent a cross section of the coal-mining population: Croatians, Slovaks, Welsh, Poles, Rumanians, Englishmen, Russians, Syrians, Italians, Germans, and four Negroes.

The miners were moved onto a farm grown up in thorn brush and briars. Before they could dig a basement, they had to build roads, put in water and electric lines, convert an old cow shed into an office—all the while jeered by

Photos: Philadelphia Inquirer



**JUST A FEW** more touches with a paintbrush—with detailed instructions from the lady of the household—and another miner's home will be completed. . . . In the photo just above is a general view of Penn-Craft homes set amidst rolling hills of western Pennsylvania. The houses are sturdy and neat and the environs give children plenty of playground space.

# From CHICKEN HOUSES TO Homes

Fifty families in a played-out coal-mining region in Pennsylvania have solved their housing problem by constructing very livable homes for themselves.

By Don Wharton



neighbors for working "for nothing," warned, "You'll never own those homes."

After working a few weeks, the homesteaders made a suggestion: build the poultry houses first, live in them while building the homes, and thus save the time lost going to and from the site. They made the poultry houses so sound that even today half a dozen of them are temporarily occupied by families of sons back from the war.

At the end of each day a homesteader filled in a time card showing where he had worked and how many hours. He was given credit for the time, and the man on whose property he had worked was charged with it. From the outset it was agreed that all labor should be swapped on an equal basis regardless of type of work done, efficiency, speed, and such. If a man loafed, he was bawled

out by the others at the fortnightly meetings of the community association. As the temporary houses went up, the workers found a simple way of deciding whose home to begin first: that of the man who had the most hours' work to his credit. When two houses were ready to plaster, the man with the most hours got his plastered first.

Building locations were chosen by lot. Joe Pietrosky drew first choice. He picked what he thought was the best location, but his wife said she'd like something farther up the slope, near the woods. There the Pietroskys live today. Joe is working in a nearby mine. Their stone house fronts a landscaped lawn, with shrubs and stone walks. To the left is a stone-banked driveway; to the right, a vegetable garden. To the rear is the temporary house, now

full of chickens. The Pietroskys also raise rabbits for food, have 30 peach trees, a dozen apple, cherry, and plum trees. Inside the house is a family which recalls "practically starving a few times" in the mining camp.

Miners as they were, the homesteaders were mainly unskilled labor when it came to homebuilding. A stone mason and a master carpenter were hired to show them how. As the work got into full swing, usually about ten houses were in various stages of construction. An excavation crew would be digging the Illig basement, a masonry crew putting in the Logston foundation, a carpenter crew would be at work on the Swaney joists. Still other crews would be quarrying stone, crushing sand, making window frames and door jambs. Each homesteader put in about 2,750



hours of traded labor plus some 1,250 hours finishing his own interior. Often a homesteader would work all day on a neighbor's house, and then after supper put drains in his own basement or sashes in his window frames.

All this time the men were working, also, a couple of days each week in the mines. When the war started in Europe, work in the mines picked up. So night crews were organized, and boys of 16 to 20 went to work on the houses during the day. A boy-hour was rated as 75 percent of a man-hour, so a father could get traded-labor credit for the work of his sons. All-girl families were simply out of luck.

**P**LANS for the houses were based solely on what the miners could finance. The Friends found that the maximum rent the miners could afford was \$10 a month. At 2 percent interest, \$10 a month could amortize a \$2,000 loan in 20 years. So \$2,000 was fixed as the amount to be spent. When the cost of land, roads, public utilities, and outbuildings was deducted, only \$1,550 was left for the house.

Five house plans were drawn by a good architect, and individual changes in a plan were held to a minimum. Practically every decision was based on the fact that these homesteaders had more time than money. No two houses are exactly alike, however. Ordinarily stone houses cost more than frame houses; but here there was some sandstone on the farm and, if you'd quarry and haul it, unlimited sandstone at 15 cents' royalty a truckload in near-by quarries. The homesteaders got their building stone at a cash cost of only \$6 per house—and a house with extra attractiveness, better construction, less upkeep.

Other ways of cutting costs were discovered by David Day, the 39-year-old Friend who is Penn-Craft's manager. For instance, after the stone had been hand laid on the first four houses, Day devised a system of movable wooden forms which speeded up the stone laying and, since no stonemason's supervision was necessary, saved \$210 a house.

Day and the homesteaders turned an old hay shed into a carpenter shop, fitted it with \$500

worth of circular saws and other power units, and bought lumber by the truckload—in odd widths and lengths at \$33 a 1,000 feet rather than \$55. Homesteaders worked here nights and in bad weather, turning out window frames, door jambs, interior trim. The cost of frames for windows in the stone walls was cut from \$15 to \$2.50—a saving in window frames alone of over \$100 a house.

Day bought flooring in 1½-inch widths—a waste product which piles up at mills. Contractors didn't want it because it raises labor costs, but the homesteaders put in the extra labor, got a better floor, and saved \$61 a house. Instead of buying sand, Day found a sandcrusher in a neighboring county for \$125 and a tractor for \$550, and used the spalls from the building stone. Result: sand at a cash cost of 50 cents a ton rather than the local price of \$3—a saving of \$187.50 a house. Then there was the make-do spirit of the homesteaders. They wanted built-in bath tubs, but a tub with legs was \$33 cheaper. The homesteaders unscrewed the legs, installed the tubs so they looked as if they were built in.

The first basement was excavated at Penn-Craft in August, 1937, the first stone house occupied in November, 1939. By the end of 1940, 20 families were in their homes, and by the Summer of 1943 all 50 had moved in. Meanwhile, each homesteader had donated 100 hours to the construction of a small stone factory in which a nonprofit corporation began making sweaters. For one of the goals of Penn-Craft was the development of new sources of cash income, particularly for the young people. Last year this factory turned out 6,000 dozen sweaters which sold for \$230,000. There are now 65 employees, of whom 21 are daughters of homesteaders. The take-home pay of the latter is more than double the homesteaders' total earnings when they started Penn-Craft. The employees average more than 75 cents an hour, get a week's vacation with pay, free hospitalization insurance, \$500 free life insurance, and half the price of sickness insurance.

The homesteaders also built a stone coöperative store to replace

one started in a barn. This store, serving the entire section, employs six persons, has 341 frozen-food lockers, does \$25,000 business a quarter, yields some \$1,400 a year in dividends and refunds.

Today only two of the homesteaders are behind in their payments—for a total of only \$64. Three have already paid off entirely, while 39 are ahead on their payments—for a combined total of \$6,000. In line with Penn-Craft's prime objective, many are utilizing their land to supplement income—in case work in the mines again becomes scarce. Recently several bought garden tractors for more intensive cultivation. One has had such success with bees that several homesteaders are starting hives. Another sold a strawberry crop from half his land for \$300. More and more homesteaders are buying calves in the Spring, raising them for meat.

What these homesteaders have done others can do—and will. The payments they have made on their houses are now being put into a neighboring farm where 14 more families will build their own homes. This time each family will have ten acres, instead of two, and will attempt to raise *all* its food while holding full or part-time jobs. To that degree they will be relatively more independent of the fluctuating economy of the soft-coal industry.

**P**ENN-CRAFT doesn't end there. A large steel company is talking with the Friends about starting a \$500,000 homestead project at one of its coal mines in the Monongahela Valley; another has been investigating possible use of this technique by steelworkers if employment begins to drop. And when Cleo Blackburn, head of Flanner House, the Indianapolis Negro community center, heard of Penn-Craft, he got the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce secretary to go to Penn-Craft with two real-estate men. The three came back enthusiastic, called a meeting of 16 leading businessmen in their city, raised \$15,000, and organized a corporation to utilize 84 acres of condemned land. Before the year is out, homesteaders' hammers will be ringing in Indianapolis—urban homesteaders!

# A House of Friendship SEVEN MILES LONG!



Photo: Hesse & Son

*An alluring preview of plans Atlantic City is making for your entertainment at Rotary's world Convention in June.*

**By C. Edgar Dreher**

*Chairman, Host Club Executive Committee; Atlantic City, N. J.*

**O**NE HUNDRED years ago about now the people of the Philadelphia area felt the need for a convenient seaside resort. The nearest salt water lay 50 miles away—southeast across New Jersey. There stood a fishing village and the beach was smooth, the sand white, the sun bright, the air fresh. It seemed the perfect spot.

Soon a railroad linked the City of Brotherly Love and the fishing village and Philadelphians swarmed aboard. Hostelries to house them sprang up in the village. A walk of planks, to keep milady's seven petticoats out of the sand, arose on stilts along the beach. A long pier laden with carnival attractions pushed out on piles over the sea. But you can guess the rest of the story. The onetime fishing village became the Atlantic City of today, a city in its own right and a city like none other in all the world.

As every Rotarian and his lady

knows by this time, Atlantic City is to be host to Rotary's 1946 international Convention June 2 to 7. But not alone. Clubs of the other towns of our District and the same Philadelphia, with which my town is so closely bound by history, will share the honor.

It was generally agreed, you may recall, that Philadelphia would entertain Rotary's first post-war Convention. Then when it became probable that that reunion might prove the largest Convention in Rotary history, Philadelphia generously conceded that Atlantic City, with its unlimited convention facilities, would be able to accommodate it more easily. With understandable regret, but with the best sportsmanship ever seen in or out of Rotary, Philadelphia Rotarians said: "Take it away, Atlantic City! We'll help you to the limit."

Well, the upshot of it all is that together, Philadelphia and Atlan-

tic City—along with all 43 of the latter's sister Clubs in New Jersey (District 184)—are out to give you perhaps the largest and certainly the most memorable Rotary Convention in 37 years of Rotary Conventions.

This is the reunion for which we have all waited so long. Lodi, California, says, "Count on 18 from here." Chicago, Illinois, says 60; Rochester, New York, 41. Hawaii, India, Ibero-America—Rotarians in those parts had signalled, "We'll be there, too!" long before we had announced our plans.

With two dozen Committees working overtime on such matters as hotels, decorations, the program, and entertainment features, those plans are fast taking shape, and it's that last item, entertainment, that I would try to sketch for you in the brief compass of this article.

Whether you come by train, plane, car, or dinghy, somebody wearing a host's badge will probably catch you at a Rotary information booth to give you a welcome and a friendly steer to Conventionville. Philadelphia Rotarians plan a large reception center in their 30th Street Station. Touring guides will drive you to any

desired point in the historic city.

It's Sunday, June 2, let's say. You have arrived, checked in, showered down, registered, and now you fare forth to get your bearings. That's easy in Atlantic City. Just as geographers measure longitude from Greenwich, England, you reckon everything in Atlantic City from the Boardwalk. You can't miss it. This wide promenade runs up and down the shore for seven miles. It's our Main Street-facing-the-sea. Your hotel is bound to be on or near it. So, too, as you now find, is our mammoth Auditorium, which for these six days will house our Convention sessions. You turn into

for an address by Rotary's President, Tom Warren, of England.

Tuesday, June 4, is to bring a special afternoon feature for the ladies, a fascinating costume demonstration on the relation of color to—but why should a poor male try to explain a thing like that? Take the word of our ladies for it—it's going to be "simply wonderful."

Tuesday night—the President's Ball! Traditional apex of Convention social events, it will feature two orchestras and room for everybody! Just before it there will take place the British Commonwealth of Nations dinner and the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking

anything about the golf tournaments, beach parties, horse-back-riding-on-the-sand parties, and sight-seeing tours others will arrange. And I should stop right here and suggest that you make your trip doubly memorable by making a pre- or post-Convention tour of the historic and scenic country that neighbors us. The next eight pages picture some of the beauties and wonders to be seen in this region and I'm told that the May issue of THE ROTARIAN will portray still more of them.

Also I've said little or nothing about the more serious side of the Convention. There will be speakers, certainly—men with real messages—for our plenary sessions. There will be craft and trade and group assemblies—those lively meetings in which "birds of a feather flock together" to discuss their common interest, be it the law, or drygoods retailing, or Rotary song leading. There will be the meeting of the Council on Legislation, business sessions of voting delegates, elections, reports, and so on. But I am running afield of my subject—which is "entertainment." The speaking program will be previewed, I am told, in the next issue of this magazine.

Here's the way we in Atlantic City look at it all: Entertainment is the Number One business of our city. Three to 4 million people drop in on us each year to enjoy our safe beaches and unique Boardwalk, our sea food and salt-water taffy, our beautiful golf courses and midnight cruises, our amusement palaces and aquariums, our up-to-the-minute hotels and unexcelled convention facilities. Rotary has tried us twice—in 1920 and in 1936. We like to think we gave her good Conventions then. This time, with old friends like Philadelphia and the whole 184th District helping, how can we fail?

It's time for refreshment, Rotarians! The war has burdened and wearied us all. To shake the lethargy that besieges us, to quicken our spirits for the heavy tasks ahead, we need the tonic of good fellowship. Atlantic City holds out. So come, my friends, and bring the wife and kiddies. That is the happiest thing I have heard myself say in, yes, five long years.

ROTARY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA	No. 1346	Philadelphia, MARCH 3, 1946
	Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company 3-50	
	Pay to the order of ROTARY INTERNATIONAL 1946 CONVENTION \$2,500.00	
	TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS & 00/100 Dollars	
	ROTARY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA Franklin A. Homan, Secretary James D. Phelan, President	
	IN PAYMENT OF 500 Registrations 100% Philadelphia Club	

ON THE FACE of it, this check means that Philadelphia Rotarians have signed up 100 percent for the Atlantic City reunion. Yet it means more. It's an earnest of their offer to help the Boardwalk Rotarians, to whom they graciously ceded the Convention, to the limit.

the place and stroll into the House of Friendship, a ballroom admirably appointed and staffed by Atlantic City and Philadelphia Rotarians for just plain "chinning." And the thought strikes you that, why, this House of Friendship has an annex seven miles long—the whole Boardwalk itself, where everybody talks to everybody and the sun shines down on 'em all.

Poking around on the main floor of the Convention Hall you come upon an amphitheater of 12,000 seats (we'll make it 20,000 if you say so). That's where the first event of the Convention comes off—on Sunday night. It will include a concert by a famous musical organization, followed by an address by an outstanding speaker.

In the same place the following night you'll witness one of the inspirational highlights of the Convention: a pageant welcoming back into the warm fellowship of Rotary those Rotarians and Clubs of many lands where Rotary was so long suppressed. Music by famous artists will have a part in the drama—all of it setting the stage

dinner. Isn't it good, by the way, to hear the names of all these old Rotary institutions once more?

The night of Wednesday, June 5, is reserved for District and regional dinners. Small orchestras will be provided for them by the host Club.

More special entertainment for the ladies, this time of a musical nature, is set for Thursday afternoon, June 6. That evening a pageant especially written and scored for Rotary will lead into brief addresses by Rotary's Incoming and Outgoing Presidents. With the singing of *Auld Lang Syne* the curtain on the 37th Annual Convention of Rotary International will be rung down. In each man's heart as he leaves should be a strengthened resolve to help make the world work as harmoniously as does Rotary—and under his arm will be a copy of the United Nations Charter.

Now, that's altogether too short a sketch. It omits mention of the good times our Young People's Committee is planning for your young people. It does not say



# Atlantic City SOUTH

CENTER a circle with a radius of, say, two days' easy motoring on Atlantic City, New Jersey—where Rotarians of the world will meet in international Convention June 2 to 7—and it will encompass perhaps the greatest concentration of historic sites, urban wonders, natural beauty, and facilities for pleasure in North America. The following pages picture some of them. Next month: a photo view of Atlantic City and points north.

ATLANTIC CITY, sede de la próxima convención mundial de Rotary, es el centro de un círculo cuyo radio puede recorrerse fácilmente en dos días de automóvil y que encierra la mayor concentración de sitios históricos, bellezas naturales, lugares de distracción y maravillas urbanas de los Estados Unidos.



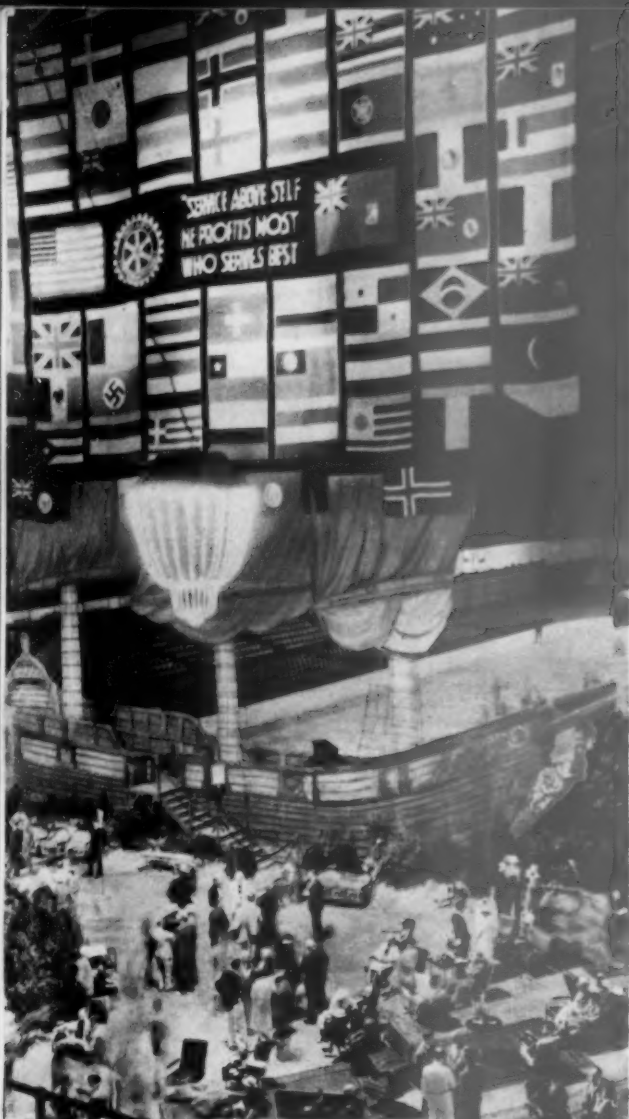
## The Leisure Latitudes

BEING a chart whereon a cheerful cartoonist depicts a few of the many places in the region of Rotary's forthcoming reunion which Convention-goers—on route to or from Atlantic City—will want to visit. Name your vacation craving, this varied piece of terra firma can satisfy it.

EL DIBUJANTE ha indicado aquí la serie de lugares interesantes y pintorescos en donde los rotarios, antes o después de la convención internacional, podrán obtener las más placenteras impresiones. Las fotografías siguientes son un reflejo de esos atractivos lugares.

Map by Paul Pinner

Runy



MEMORIES a decade old will quicken when Rotarians meet in Atlantic City in June. This year's House of Friendship will recall the one of 1936 (above), and, as then, mammoth Convention Hall (below) will be the reunion site.

ESTAS FOTOGRAFÍAS serán grato recuerdo para los rotarios que asistieron a la Convención de 1936. Arriba está la "Casa de la Amistad", abajo, el "Palacio de Convenciones".



AS DID these Rotary folk of '36, current Convention-goers will find endless enjoyment in the amusements, salt air, and wheelchairs of Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk. You're curious about that dragon? He gulps coins for a sand sculptor.

INOLVIDABLES tienen que ser para los rotarios los agradables días que pasen en Atlantic City. De paseo por el famoso Boardwalk o arrojando monedas al dragón, puede verse a varios de los participantes en la Convención de junio de 1936.



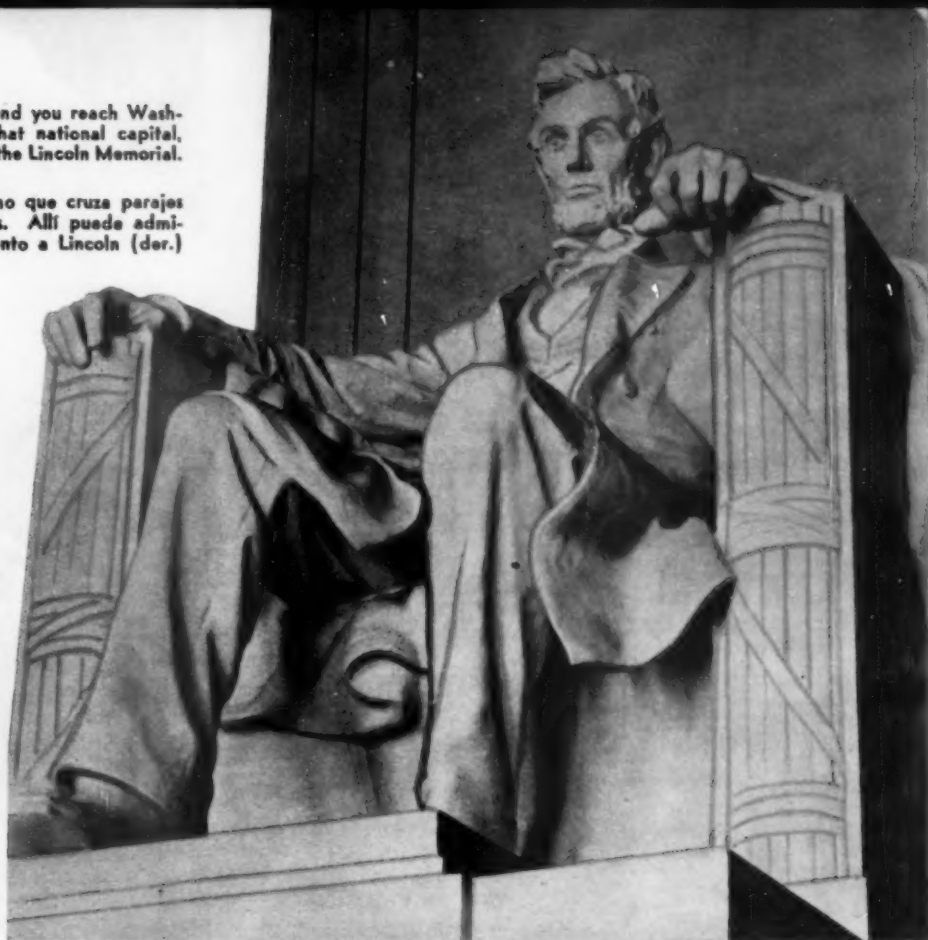
Central

Central



GO WEST 175 scenic miles from Atlantic City and you reach Washington, D. C. Of all monuments which grace that national capital, none casts a deeper spell than the great figure in the Lincoln Memorial.

HACIA el oeste, a 200 kilómetros, por un camino que cruza parajes primorosos, está Washington, la capital del país. Allí puede admirarse, entre otros muchos, el imponente monumento a Lincoln (der.)



Gendreau

NEWEST of Washington's major monuments is the Thomas Jefferson Memorial (below). It was dedicated in 1943. Its form an abstraction of the classic-lined home which the great commoner designed for himself (see photo following), the edifice houses a heroic statue of Jefferson 19 feet high.

EL MAS NUEVO de los grandes monumentos que adornan la capital norteamericana es el de Jefferson, bella estilización de la casa que el gran patricio construyó para sí en Virginia.

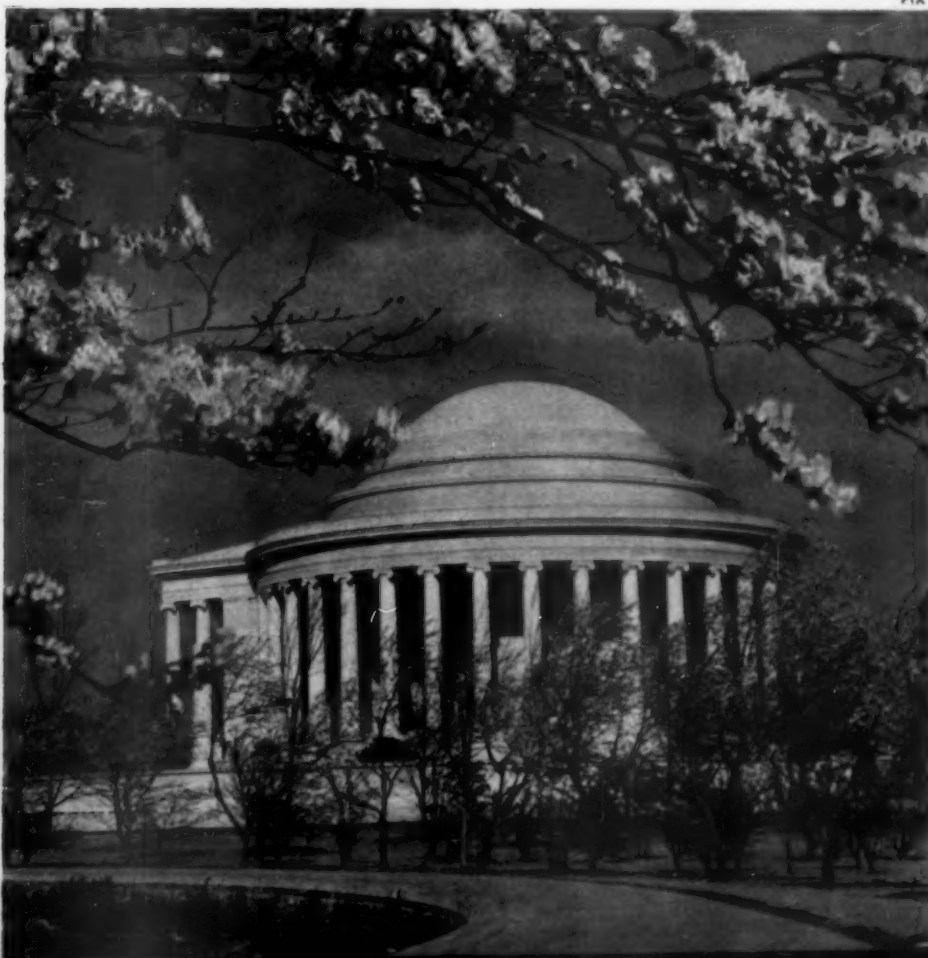
PIX



Gendreau

WASHINGTON National Monument. Over 555 feet tall, it is the loftiest masonry structure in the world.

EL OBELISCO de Washington. Se asegura que es la construcción de alfileres más alta del mundo.







Underwood

PLEASURE in prospect: This archway looks out upon the grounds of a beautiful resort at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where Rotary held its International Assembly in 1939. The natural arch at the right is on Bermuda's sunny southern shore and the ballooning jibs below are just off the coastline.



Knudsen

A TRAVES de este arco se contempla un risueño bosquecillo de *White Sulphur Springs*, Virginia, donde Rotary celebró su asamblea internacional en 1939. A la derecha, un arco natural en una de las soleadas playas de las Bermudas. Abajo, balandros que surcan las aguas próximas a dichas islas.



THE F  
It was  
cordin  
Barber

IN TH  
Mason

## Historic Old Houses

TO SEE where great men ate, slept, shaved, and dreamed is the better to understand the history they made. For such pleasurable research, few fields are richer than the Eastern United States, where still stand the homes of many famous early American patriots and Presidents and poets. Here are just five of hundreds. Visitors always welcome.

## Casas Históricas

EN EL este de los Estados Unidos se conservan intactas, como recuerdo perdurable de un pasado de vida intensa, las casas que habitaron muchos de los ciudadanos cuyos nombres están indeleblemente grabados en las páginas históricas de la gran nación septentrional.



Gendreau

CONSIDERED the oldest house in Richmond, Va., this stone cottage was for a time the home of Edgar Allan Poe, matchless poet and story teller of mystery. It is now a public museum.

ESTA CASA, considerada como la más antigua entre las de Richmond, Va., fué por mucho tiempo residencia de Edgar Allan Poe. La casa es ahora un museo abierto al público.



Clary

THE FRITCHIE house in Frederick, Md. It was from the upper window that, according to Whittier, the gray-haired Barbara shouted, "Shoot if you must—"

EN FREDERICK, Va., tal la leyenda histórica, Bárbara Ritchie gritó de esta casa al invasor: "¡Dispare si quiere, pero respete esta bandera!"



Acme

IN THIS house near Lorton, Va., Geo. Mason wrote the "U. S. Bill of Rights."

AQUI, cerca de Lorton, escribió Jorge Mason la Declaración de Derechos.



Acme

MONTICELLO—the home Thomas Jefferson designed and lived in for 56 years. The estate, now a national shrine, is near Charlottesville, Va.

LA CASA de Tomás Jefferson, en Monticello, que él habitó por 56 años. La casa, cercana a Charlottesville, es una reliquia nacional.



Gendreau

A FRONT view of George Washington's Virginia home—Mount Vernon.

EN MOUNT Vernon, Va., está la casa que habitó Jorge Washington.



Acme

TO VISIT Williamsburg, Va., is to step back into 18th Century America. With infinite skill and 14 million Rockefeller dollars, builders have authentically restored this colonial capital to its onetime splendor. Above is the Governor's Palace. Below are a cabinetmaker and blacksmith—but two of many residents who, for visitors, demonstrate the ancient trades and customs.

Gendreau

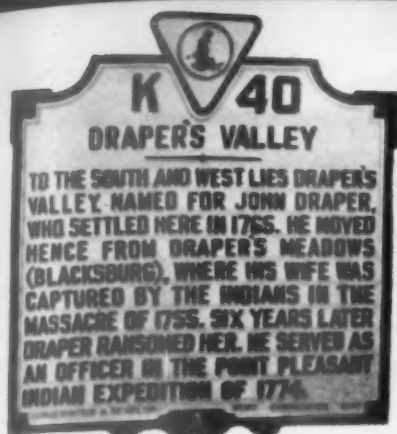
LOS ROTARIOS encontrarán en Williamsburg, Va., huellas imborrables de la que fuera esplendorosa capital en los tiempos de la colonia, con sus viejos edificios restaurados. La fotografía de arriba es del Palacio que ocupó el Gobernador. En las de abajo se ven un sbanista y un herrero, ataviados según el uso colonial, demostrando a los visitantes su pericia en los antiguos oficios.

Heffernan from Gendreau



VIRGINIA  
an old  
IN AR





TYPICAL of the U. S. East, but particularly of Virginia, where this one is located, is the historical marker.

ABUNDAN en la región placas como ésta, para señalar sitios históricos.

Underwood



IN THIS building, with which its designer Thomas Jefferson is said to have introduced classical architecture into the United States, meets the oldest representative assembly on the continent. It is Virginia's capitol, at Richmond.

Virginia Conservation Com.  
ESTE EDIFICIO, el Capitolio de Richmond, diseñado por Tomás Jefferson—que introdujo con el mismo la arquitectura clásica en los Estados Unidos—fue asiento de la vieja asamblea representativa y teatro de muchos actos históricos.

Gendreau



Screen Traveler from Gendreau

VIRGINIA'S famed Natural Bridge . . . and (right) an old mill wheel in North Carolina's Great Smokies.

UN ARCO natural y un molino en Carolina del Norte.





© 1938, G. A. Estline from Acme

AN OLD hill woman of the Great Smoky Mountains. Bracketing the North Carolina-Tennessee border, these mountains shelter a people whose simple way of life has little changed since the first ax fell here three centuries ago.

UNA TIPICA mujer de las montañas situadas en los límites de Carolina del Norte con Tennessee. Desde hace tres centurias los habitantes de las Smoky Mountains desarrollan sin grandes variaciones su misma vida de trabajo duro.



Acme

TYPICAL of a thousand pioneer homes in Great Smoky Mountains National Park, this cabin in the pines has but one door, few windows. Even so, having dovetailed corners and a floor, it surpasses the log homes of the early settlers.

ESTA ES una de los millares de cabañas típicas construidas por los primeros pobladores de lo que es hoy el Parque Nacional de las Grandes Smoky Mountains. Representan un progreso sobre las de los colonos iniciales.



WHAT a view! North Carolinians call this ledge Blowing Rock. An air current returns objects hurled from it.

POR TODOS lados el visitante halla sitios para contemplar el panorama.

Century



Acme

A CHEROKEE Indian family in the Great Smokies—ancestral home of that numerous tribe. Dad has just bagged a squirrel with his blowgun.

ESCENA TIPICA en la casa de una familia india de la tribu Cherokee, en las Great Smokies. El muestra a la familia el producto de la caza.



# *Needed:* A SUBSTITUTE FOR 'SERVICE'

The author says the word has been worn thin by much use and proposes that the Four Objects be rewritten.

**By Reuel W. Beach**

*Past Rotary District Governor;  
Publisher, Cambridge, Mass.*

I RECENTLY heard a man refer to himself as the "War Department of the Church." He meant that he had spent his life in warring against certain practices in the church to which he objected. To criticize Rotary's Four Objects, and its ideal of service, may seem like making a bid for the title of the "War Department of Rotary."

Some years ago I undertook to change just one of the Four Objects, and as I felt the force of the "steamroller" crush my feeble efforts, I realized how sacrosanct our Four Objects had become. In spite of this experience, I offer the following proposal for a change in Rotary's Four Objects, and its basic ideal or objective, in the belief that only thus will we keep Rotary abreast of the times, and strengthen her influence for good in a war-torn world.

I feel very strongly that Rotary's emphasis on service has ceased to have the value which it once had. It is my understanding that the ideal of service was adopted as a needed corrective to the motive of selfishness which played an important part in the original formation of Rotary. I make this statement in the belief that when Paul Harris first proposed to his friends that they hold meetings in each other's offices, rotating from office to office (hence the name "Rotary"), they expected that the resultant friendship would lead to an exchange of business. Thus the first slogan of Rotary might have been expressed in the words "He Profits Most Who Belongs to a Rotary Club."

But this state of affairs could

not last. Most men have an innate scorn of the "joiner," who belongs to an organization for what he can get out of it. Rotary could not succeed on a selfish basis. To correct this condition, the ideal of service was adopted. If a man gains anything by belonging to a Rotary Club, it is because it is believed he can serve a given need better than someone else.

My criticism of the ideal of service, however, is not because we no longer have any needs to be served, but because Rotary has done its work so well that its special emphasis on service is no longer needed. It has become the ideal not only of Rotary but of countless other organizations. We have not only the many service clubs similar to Rotary, but also community enterprises of every sort, all dedicated to the ideal of service. I note, for example, that the directory of social agencies deriving support from the Greater Boston Community Fund lists 288 "Services," divided among children's services, youth services, health services, etc.

My feeling is that it is no longer possible to get greatly excited over the ideal of service.

What, then, do I suggest? I suggest that we adopt another ideal, for which Rotary may be said to stand already, and which this weary world needs more than it needs service. I refer to the ideal



FROM AN etching by Irving Schwartz, Rotarian of El Paso, Tex. He operates a department store, but his avocation is etching and he has exhibited in jury shows around the country. He also is active in Boy Scout work, is the president of the El Paso library board, and is father of four children.

of mutual understanding and goodwill, which is emphasized in our Fourth Object. You will recall that the Fourth Object states that Rotary's purpose is to encourage and foster "the advancement of international understanding and goodwill." But why restrict it to the international field? Is there any field of human relations where mutual understanding and goodwill are not needed; where if they obtained, we might hope to have that peace which passeth all understanding for which St. Paul prayed?

Frankly, I should like to rewrite the Four Objects of Rotary. I should like to have them read as follows:

#### THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY ARE:

To encourage and foster the ideal of mutual understanding and goodwill in all the relations of life, and in particular to encourage and foster:

1. The development of acquaintance as a basis for mutual understanding and goodwill.
2. The recognition that only through



mutual understanding and goodwill can men live together in harmony and render the fullest service in the various relations of business and society.

3. The exercise of understanding and goodwill by every Rotarian in his personal, business, and community life.

4. The maintenance of peace through a world-wide fellowship of business and professional men dedicated to the ideal of mutual understanding and goodwill, and eager to serve mankind by putting that ideal into practice.

Let me briefly comment on our present Objects.

**O**UR First Object speaks of acquaintance as "an opportunity for service." I am strongly of the opinion that to the average Rotarian this suggests nothing more than an opportunity to be of service in the way of business. The common expression in soliciting business is, "We want to be of service to you," or, "We want to serve you." "How can I serve you?" is what the polite clerk asks you in a store. The Object seems to express the early purpose of Rotary to which I have already referred, of trading with each other. The Object has to be explained if service is to be understood as something different from an ordinary business transaction.

Assuming that service means being of some help apart from business, it is rather commonplace as an ideal. We are now dedicated to the ideal of service in every community through institutions and organizations whose primary function is to serve society. Even our police and our courts are expected to serve society by attempting to cure social evils rather than merely punish the guilty. As I have already said, you cannot any longer get excited over the ideal of service; it is too well established.

Our Second Object refers first to "high ethical standards in business and professions." I believe that at one period in its history, Rotary felt a need to reform business by writing codes of ethics for the different classifications of business. That need seems to have passed, possibly because fair practices have been written into law, and business is told what it can and cannot do. Through pure-food laws, antitrust laws, Better Business Bureaus, and in other ways, business practices are regu-

lated and the unethical business or professional man eliminated.

The second part of the Object emphasizes the "worthiness" of all useful occupations, and the view that each Rotarian should regard his occupation as "an opportunity to serve society." It is, however, a little difficult to understand how a business can exist that does not measure its success by the degree of service which it renders. Competition tends to put out of business those who are indifferent to the quality of their service. I have, however, referred to "service" in my revision of the Second Object, so that the word is retained.

The Third Object speaks of the ideal of service as applied to each Rotarian's personal, business, and community life. As stated above, I have retained the word "service" in my revision of the Second Object. It seems unnecessary to mention it again. My desire is to stress understanding and goodwill.

The Fourth Object is the one which has given me the inspiration for my suggested change in Rotary's ideal, and in her Four Objects. We may think of mutual understanding and goodwill as needed only in the international field. And the recent war, and its aftermath, shows how great is the need. But are not understanding and goodwill basic in every successful Club? Men have no trouble in serving each other. What is needed to keep a Club happy are mutual understanding and goodwill. That should be the new aim of Object One.

Enough could be written about understanding and goodwill in business to fill a book. Fundamentally they lie at the bottom of our industrial unrest. Instead of relying on understanding and goodwill to resolve difficulties, demands are presented and followed up with strikes. Where there is a strike there is little un-

derstanding and no goodwill. In every business relation, whether within an organization or with the public, there must be understanding and goodwill to create that atmosphere of good feeling without which there can be no real success. That should be the aim of Object Two.

I also consider that it is more important to stress the need for understanding and goodwill in a Rotarian's personal life, as in his relations with his wife and children; in his business life, touched on above; and in his community life, with all its tensions, than the ideal of service. A man may continue to be of service to his wife when he pays her alimony after the divorce, but understanding and goodwill might have prevented the divorce! Racial tensions are now uppermost in community life, accentuated by the war. There is but one solution: mutual understanding and goodwill. It should be the aim of Object Three, as it is already the aim of Object Four.

**I** HAVE said enough to make it clear that I am advocating a change from the ideal of service to that of mutual understanding and goodwill as Rotary's main objective, as expressed in her Four Objects, and why. I believe that Rotarians generally will welcome such a change, and with real enthusiasm. It will make the Four Objects clearer, more meaningful, and more in accord with present-day needs. I regard it as significant that of the Four Objects, the only one that has ever made any real appeal is the Fourth, which stresses understanding and goodwill in international affairs. Yet no one can see the tragic results of racial, religious, social, and industrial tensions in the domestic scene without feeling that we shall have no real peace in the home, the community, and the nation until we learn to live together with mutual understanding and goodwill.

Rotary has a great opportunity to render a service of inestimable value to mankind if we wholeheartedly preach this doctrine, rather than continue to talk about the more abstract ideal of service. Let us courageously make the change, and go forward!

## ● THESE VIEWS

*are those of the author. Do you agree or disagree? Your letters of comment will be welcome, but to make possible the publishing of several, please hold yours to not more than 250 words.—Eds.*

# WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

*Last of the series of articles on Rotary's favorite songs and the stories behind them.*

IT WAS July 4, 1826. The United States was celebrating its 50th Independence Day. In Massachusetts and Virginia two great men who had helped make that young nation's laws were drawing their last breaths. They were John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. In western Pennsylvania a baby who was destined to write that nation's songs was drawing his first. He was Stephen Collins Foster.

It is eminently fitting that Foster, who is America's, perhaps the world's, most popular composer, should be the song writer best represented in Rotary's songbook, *Songs for the Rotary Club*—six of his masterpieces appearing therein. And it is equally apropos that he should be the hero of this the last of six installments in our series on the backgrounds of some of Rotary's melodic favorites.

If the tragically brief life of Stephen C. Foster could be told in one sentence, it would read something like this: He was born into the large family of a substantial Pittsburgh merchant, grew up disliking school but not books, married not quite happily, won fame but little fortune as a song writer, died penniless at age 37 in New York City, where he had been living in a cheap lodging house in the Bowery.

It is the musical genius that

## By Sigmund Spaeth

*'Tune Detective' and Historian of Music*

flowered against that background that more concerns us, however. Stephen Foster was the Irving Berlin of his day. Both men invented tunes that have an almost universal appeal. Both shared the gift of creating words and music simultaneously. Neither is in any sense an "art" composer.

Not only were Foster's songs the popular hits of their era; they are actually also related to the true folk music of the world. Any well-taught composer can disguise his lack of inspiration by the skillful use of decorative detail and intricate forms. A song of the folk type, however, must stand on its own feet, without benefit of workmanship. Foster could make them stand.

Let's look briefly now at the history behind the half dozen beloved Foster ballads that appear in Rotary's songbook. We'll take them in the order of their creation.

*Oh! Susanna.* Here was Foster's first great success. Though he wrote it when a mere boy, it was not published until 1848—and then without credit to him. But it became the theme song of the '49-ers, who carried it all the way across the United States.

*Old Folks at Home*, also known as *Swanee River*, was long credited to the minstrel E. P. Christy, who, for \$15, bought the right to have his name appear on the sheet music as its creator. Eventually the falsehood was corrected. At first Foster was going to call the river in the song the "Pedee." His brother suggested "Yazoo." They settled on "Swanee" when they spied the obscure stream on a map of Florida.

*Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground* followed, with publication in 1852. There is a rather fanciful story



STEPHEN C. FOSTER at age 33. Six of his beloved melodies grace Rotary's songbook.

that Foster got his inspiration for the *Massa* song when he saw a group of Negroes weeping over the death of their master, Judge Rowan, at Bardstown, Kentucky.

Bardstown was also the supposed site of *My Old Kentucky Home*. The old Rowan mansion there is preserved as one of the most impressive of the Foster memorials. Judge Rowan was a cousin of Stephen's father, and it is possible that the composer had his home in mind when he wrote his great Kentucky song. But there is evidence that his real inspiration came from a poem called *Poor Uncle Tom, Good Night*. The song was published in 1853, and for many years it outstripped even *Old Folks*, which many deem Foster's greatest, in popularity.


This inspired period definitely closed with the charming love song *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* (1854). The heroine was Jane McDowell, a prominent Pittsburgh physician's daughter whom Foster married in 1850. The marriage was not a success, and Jane was forced to support herself for a time as a telegrapher.

It was 1860 before Foster produced another really great song, and that one was *Old Black Joe*. The venerable Negro was an actual character, a servant in the household of Dr. McDowell, where Stephen courted Jane.

Stephen Collins Foster was a musician not by training but by instinct. Perhaps that is why his songs come so close to the hearts of people around the earth.



FOSTER'S grave in a cemetery at Allegheny, Pa. He died penniless at 37.



# The Parking Problem Can Be Solved

**Tips from three cities on what to do  
to keep downtown shoppers cheerful.**

**By G. Donald Kennedy**  
*Vice-President, Automotive Safety Foundation*

prefer to buy in the big downtown stores. Or you businessmen who are fearful of competition from outlying stores where free parking abounds. The parking problem *can* be solved. In any city. If you tackle it sensibly.

Garden City did it. This Long Island, New York, community of 11,000 population in 1938 opened seven free-parking lots to serve the central business and apartment area. They comprise 8½ acres and handle 775 cars. Land was taken at the rear of buildings to avoid high costs of main-street frontage.

The lots were well lighted and landscaped and with driveways leading from the main streets. Soon stores began putting show windows and entrances at the rear of buildings. Merchants now report more customers coming through these back doors than through the front!

Land was obtained by condemnation, for \$143,000. The cost was assessed against benefited business and apartment property. Most of the \$40,000 expense for improving parking sites was met by village bond issues of five-year maturity.

Now look in on Kalamazoo, Michigan. This city has a metropolitan-area population of 75,000. For 15 years its business district had been dropping in value and tax assessments faced a decline. Why? Because of the parking problem, merchants and city officials decided after a three-year study. Main streets no longer were holding their own. Shoppers were turning to side-street stores where parking was available.

So in 1939 the city purchased a large lot in the heart of the business district, tore down all buildings on it, and sur-

faced and improved the land to park 400 cars. The \$60,000 cost was assessed against benefited property on a sliding scale and on a long-term basis. The lot was "for shoppers only." They flocked to it because they could park two hours without cost and were charged only 10 cents for the third hour and 5 cents for each additional hour. Their fees defray the cost of a lot attendant.

The Kalamazoo lot reversed the trend away from the business district. Vacant buildings soon were occupied. The parking lot assessment is one tax that businessmen pay gladly in Kalamazoo. They say it's an investment which saved their shirts.

Now to Oakland, across the bay from California's San Francisco. Here is a metropolitan area of 1½ million people. In 1930 a group of merchants pledged \$150,000 to solve the parking problem which, they realized, must be solved if they were to survive in this motor age. Now a series of parking lots are financed and operated by the merchants themselves. These provide free two-hour parking to motorists at a cost to the merchants of *slightly more than 4 cents per car, and about 19 cents for each car space per day.*

This low cost—remarkable for a large city—is possible because, first, motorists park their own cars, at the approved 45-degree angle for easy maneuvering; and, second, rapid turnover of parking rates—free parking for two hours and 10 cents for each additional hour. Space turnover averages nearly five cars per day. Compare that with the average parking garage in cities, which seldom is more than 80 percent full in a whole

**A**N OFFICIAL survey of parking problems in Washington, D. C., just before the war, brought the following suggested solutions from residents:

Bridge the Potomac River with parking stalls.

Erect elevators along the curbs, to hoist cars in the air.

Put garages under all city streets.

Prohibit all parking.

Provide free parking for everybody by using all public parks and historic land downtown.

Let motorists park "almost anywhere" upon payment of \$100 a year for the privilege.

District of Columbia officials, after threshing all suggestions, came up with the conclusion that the only solution satisfactory to all would be that cars "should automatically disappear upon one's arrival at work, and then reappear at the completion of the day's work." Maybe that can be done—with mirrors.

But don't despair, you shoppers who



day, and the average commercial parking lot, which usually has about 1.75 space occupancy per day!

What does all this mean to you and your city?

It means that free or low-cost parking for shoppers is possible in the downtown area if your city really is determined to get it. And it means that in all probability the benefits to the city and merchants will outweigh the cost.

Here are six suggestions that may be helpful in solving your city's parking problem.

1. Get some recognized private or public local agency or leader to accept responsibility for solving the entire problem.

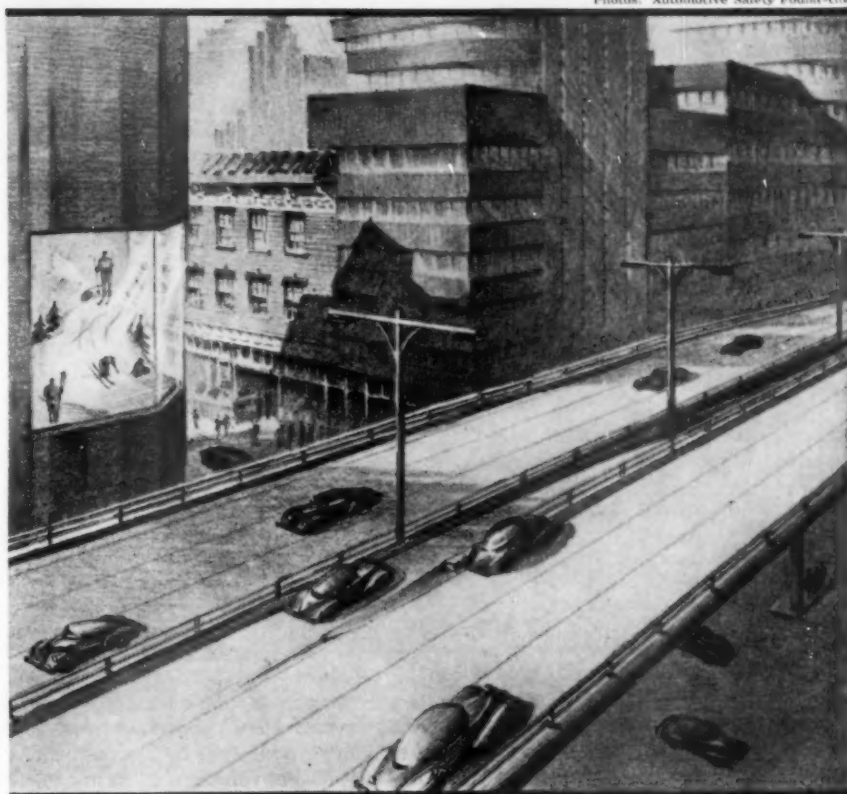
It may be a merchants' group, or the city planning commission, or the city traffic engineer. But the problem never will be solved by leaving it to haphazard private and public action, with nobody responsible for solving it *entirely*.

2. Remember that the basic problem is that of the short-time parker.

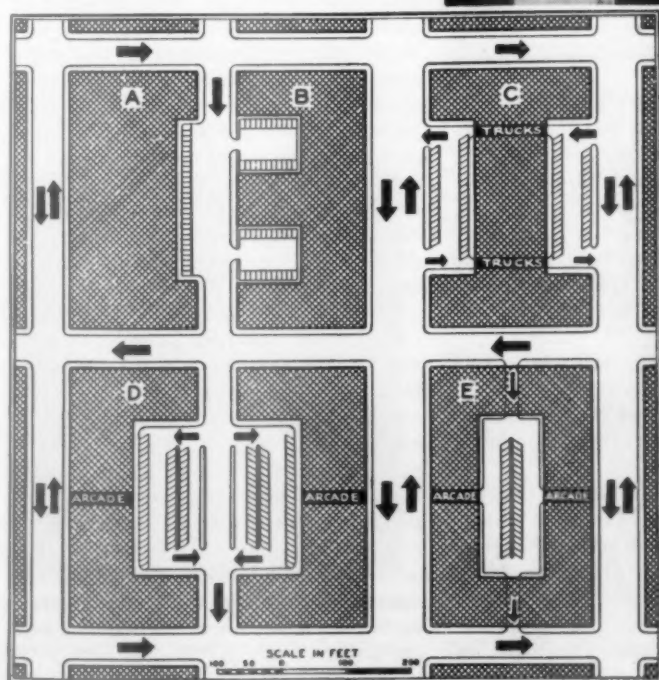
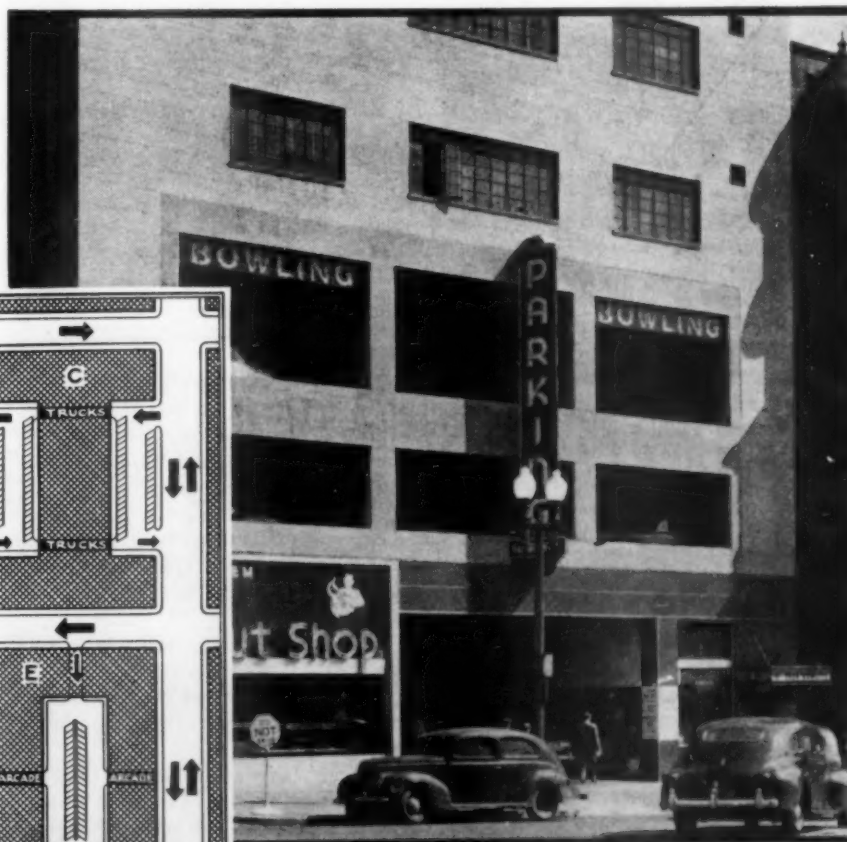
Commercial parking rates usually are high for the first hour and not much higher for all-day parking—discouraging the person who has business to transact downtown. Curb-parking rules seldom are enforced, so the limited curb spaces are used by all-day parkers, often including the merchants and employees of stores that are suffering from lack of parking facilities for customers.

3. Make a local parking survey—not just to check on existing parking conditions, but to find out what motorists want in the way of facilities and parking rates that now do not exist.

The U. S. Public Roads Administration, the American Society of Planning Officials, the Institute of Traffic Engineers, and the State highway depart-



TOMORROW'S CITY—one version. Note the eight-lane, double-deck highway for fast traffic and the second-story show windows. . . . A boon for downtown parkers is the privately built open-wall garage (below). It is cheap to construct, has no heating or ventilating problems.



FIVE TYPES of parking areas for small-town or neighborhood centers, all providing more space than curb parking. The interior court, in type E, is applicable for any size city. Blocks here shown are small; larger ones permit even better parking areas.

ments are among the public agencies that can provide technical advice and assistance. Consulting and traffic engineers also offer this particular type of service.

*4. Start a local education and publicity program in advance of proposed solutions.*

Local papers should carry stories and pictures of local parking problems, with comment about the economic effect on the city. Some active and respected civic agency should handle the educational program. Proposed solutions should be explained carefully, especially to downtown property owners.

**P**UBLIC coöperation will be essential to create the habit of using the curb and off-street parking facilities properly, and to support fiscal and legal programs finally adopted. All the recognized methods of public education can be used—press, radio, pamphlets, forums, exhibits, and so on.

*5. Reserve downtown curb-parking space for the short-time parker.*

Parking limits that are not being enforced should be eliminated, or perhaps changed to prohibit parking during morning and evening rush hours. Officers in police cars can check on rush-hour violations easily, and this method prevents the downtown worker who arrives early from grabbing a curb space that should be left for shoppers who arrive later. Curb enforcement usually is unwise and almost impossible until adequate off-street parking provisions are made.

*6. Remember that off-street parking solutions are dependent upon local conditions.*

In smaller cities motorists insist on free parking. About 200 American cities, mostly below 100,000 population, now provide varying amounts of free municipal parking spaces. In larger cities motorists are more willing to pay a reasonable parking fee, so private investments in parking facilities already exist. Even though these private parking operators usually get only the "cream" of the trade, and generally discourage short-time parkers because the extra parking maneuvers require more attendants, municipal parking subsidies create serious competition for private operators. And this makes another difficult problem.

Some cities grant tax and license exemptions for parking facilities, on the theory that the whole city benefits. City land sometimes is leased at low cost to private parking operators, as in the case of San Francisco's four-story garage under a city park. The underground plan, however, is too costly for general application.

Washington, D. C., requires new buildings downtown to provide parking and loading spaces, the number of units

based on floor space. This encourages the building of ramps to roofs and combining open-wall parking garages with retail and office buildings.

City zoning and building codes often discourage private parking operations; amendments would automatically improve that condition.

Among the most practical solutions for general application in all but the largest cities are the interior-of-block and the fringe-parking plans.

Where space exists behind downtown stores, city ordinances might require that a certain amount of parking and loading spaces be provided by each store, proportional to its floor space. If several stores agreed to use the rear space jointly, the ratio of parking space per building could be lower, since needs decrease under joint use.

The "fringe parking" plan takes advantage of the blighted land usually surrounding a downtown area. Where such land is in easy walking distance of downtown stores, it makes an ideal solution, encouraging motorists to park there before congesting cramped downtown streets. Low condemnation costs and inexpensive improvements of the land can provide free or low-cost parking for large volumes of cars. The "fringe" plan sometimes can be adapted

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## City Ditty

*Here lies an urban gentleman*

*Who failed to make his mark.*

*He died with his lifetime squandered,*

*Hunting some place to park.*

—S. OMAR BARKER

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to larger cities if rapid-transit lines connect with the parking lots, and if fees and transit fares are low. But shoppers generally want to park within 1,000 feet or so of their destination.

There, then, are the six suggestions—and emphasis falls upon the last one, for the problem does vary from city to city. But wherever it exists it takes this two-fold form:

First, to serve the person who comes downtown on business.

Second, to get rid of the congestion caused by the all-day parkers who drive to work.

Obviously, several kinds of parking facilities are needed in most cities: Close-in, short-time spaces for shoppers, at low parking fees. All-day facilities for those who work downtown—perhaps with low fees for "fringe" locations, and higher charges for those who insist on

coming into the heart of the downtown area. Self-service parking, and other facilities for those who want attendant parking. Curb spaces and off-street spaces (many studies, however, have shown it is cheaper for the city to build off-street facilities than to widen a street in order to continue allowing curb parking).

The crux of the problem, then, is the visitor-on-business, who usually wants free or low-cost parking for an hour or so, very near his destination. The commercial parking operator is not able to handle this fellow, because there's no parking profit from him.

More and more, cities are coming to recognize that a Parking Authority is the answer. A separate legal entity, often requiring State enabling laws, it becomes the vehicle through which downtown property owners and the city can take coöperative action.

A recent Minnesota law (Chapter 54, session laws of 1943) permits downtown property owners to set up an Authority with funds to study and act on parking problems. It requires the State to give the city at no cost any tax-delinquent land which the State acquires and the city wishes to use for parking. It permits the Authority to acquire land by condemnation, enter the parking business or lease land to private operators, issue bonds, and assess downtown land up to certain limits.

Where private action can meet parking needs, public action certainly is undesirable. But obviously there is a field for public aid in parking, if cities are to adjust themselves to the hard fact that 75 percent of all urban passengers are carried by motor vehicles.

**I**F THE public agency sticks to the short-time field—or enters the all-day field only in "fringe" sections—and requires motorists to park their own cars to cut costs, there would be but slight competition with private parking operators. Indeed, once off-street spaces were provided, a strict enforcement of curb-parking limits would benefit commercial parking operators tremendously. The commercial operator's worst enemy is the motorist who parks his automobile illegally for long periods at the curb or in the alley.

The laws and financing policies for off-street parking are still being written. Private garages and parking lots involve large investments, and where private action can meet the need, it should be encouraged. But if the commercial parking solutions cannot meet the need in terms of parking locations and costs, public action is called for. Because the city, too, has a huge investment at stake—its entire downtown district, the tax mainstay of the city and one of the fundamental reasons for the existence of the town.

Speaking of Books about

## Wm Allen White and Mark Twain

By John T. Frederick  
*Author and Reviewer of Books*

**W**ILLIAM ALLEN WHITE was everybody's neighbor. Around the world, people thought of his office and his home in the Kansas town of Emporia as places where they would be welcomed by a man they knew and understood. When he died, many millions felt a personal loss.

White was a real and important person to people who had never seen him because they knew the man through his writing. Courage, clear vision and commonsense, the salt of humor, earnest convictions, marked his editorials in the *Emporia Gazette*, his articles in *THE ROTARIAN*, indeed everything he wrote. These qualities live on in his *Autobiography*.

A great autobiography is a precious thing, one of the rarest in literature. White's was left unfinished—the last 20 years of his life are not touched on at all—and I cannot believe that the latter part of what he did write had reached what he meant to be its final form. But the first part of an autobiography is nearly always the best part, and I believe his account of his first 25 or 30 years must be about as White wanted it. In these pages one of the most truly representative Americans of our time, and his America, live together for successive generations.

The boys played marbles in Eldorado,



WHITE WHIMSY. . . . When *The Rotarian* asked Editor White for a photo, a few years ago, he sent this "very characteristic one."



Photo: Pictures, Inc.

A CHARTER member of the Rotary Club of Emporia, Kans., William Allen White served for years as Chairman of his Club's Menu Committee. Here he spoons a delectable dish to one of his fellows, Thomas W. Butcher, the president of the Kansas State Teachers College.

Kansas, when Willie White was 8 or 9:

Willie was a fairly good shot at marbles. His mother lived in the pink cloud of innocence that Willie did not play for keeps. Pa knew better and never betrayed him. But here is a curious thing. The little devil had an acquisitive faculty, and he found, watching the wiles of the older boys, that by setting up a fancy marble for boys to shoot at from a hazardous distance and charging two or three commies or a white alley a shot, then giving the prized marble to the man who hit it, he could accumulate marbles faster by running this thing he called a bank than he could by playing for keeps, although he was fairly deft at that. But, alas, one day his father discovered that his child had a whole cigar box full of glasses, potteries, and agates which he had accumulated running his bank. That was the end of the bank. Said Pa:

"Now, Willie, whatever you get playing keeps is yours. It's a fair game. But these are dirty marbles. You didn't win them, and you didn't earn them. Your bank was a swindle."

And so the bank was closed, and the career of a future capitalist was nipped in the bud.

"Pa," Dr. Allen White, is the most vivid figure of his son's book: a short, fat, quick-moving man nearly 50 when Willie (his one child who survived) was born. "He loved medicine," we read, "but could never make it pay because he did not keep his collections up. So every few years, being a Yankee and a natural trader, he would retire from practice and make some money, pay his debts, get a little ahead, and then go at medicine again. . . . He had in his heart an eternal wellspring of good nature, good humor, and good jokes . . . If he ever stopped five minutes on the street he drew a crowd around him by some kind of spiritual gravity." I believe this Kansas country doctor, unknown to the world, but the most important man in his own little community, who died when his son was only 14, will have a permanent place in American literature.

Many will come to know him and to love him. There is something of all real fathers in his deep but seldom-voiced affection, which only late in life his son could really understand.

One of the great qualities of *William Allen White: An Autobiography* is candor. White had highly exceptional capacity to be honest with himself, to see himself clearly; and he shares that vision. He doesn't brag and he doesn't apologize. He doesn't make a virtue of humility. But he does let the reader share the agonizing sense of failure and self-betrayal—which he felt, for example, when he voted in a Republican convention for the nomination of Warren G. Harding for the Presidency of the United States. His extremely clear and discerning portrait of Harding as President is, incidentally, the last thing of importance in the book.

Any real autobiography—like any valid biography—holds much of the texture and quality of the times which gave context and background to the individual life. In this respect White's *Autobiography* is particularly rich. Much of what was most American for three-quarters of a century is in this book: the westward movement, the aftermath of the Civil War, the swift growth of new settlements; the period of ungoverned speculation and industrial expansion which brought the long series of political protests from the greenback movement on.

Very early in his life as a journalist, White became a leader in progressive political effort, and his *Autobiography* is filled with vivid and candid accounts



of people and events in national politics from McKinley's day to Harding's. It's a warm, true book, one to read with delight and return to often.

William Allen White and Mark Twain had much in common. They grew up in frontier small towns where they played the same games, ate the same foods, feared and admired similar things, even though their boyhoods were 30 years and a few hundred miles apart. Both became printer's devils before they were 12 years old, and never—in a real sense—got the ink off their hands as long as they lived.

But Twain was caught in and a part

after it quickly became involved in the general collapse of Twain's schemes for great wealth. Twenty years later, ill and nearing the end of his life, Twain wrote or dictated a very unfair and distorted account of his partnership with Webster, recently published in *Mark Twain in Eruption*. The straight story is now told, almost wholly in Twain's own words, in the form of hundreds of hitherto unpublished letters which reveal "Mark Twain: Business Man."

The things the long-suffering Webster was asked to look after are all but unbelievable. Among them was the steady

Photo: Brown Bros.



AMONG pictures well known in photographic annals is this one of Mark Twain, in which the heaped pillow makes the outline of a child whispering in the ear of the beloved author.

of that period of booming expansion and mad speculation of the 1870s and '80s which White, maturing 30 years later, could see in perspective. The degree to which Twain really belonged to the "gilded age" which he sometimes satirized is made clear in a very fine and important new book, *Mark Twain: Business Man*, edited by Samuel Charles Webster.

When Twain's books began to sell, he believed he could make more money from them by setting up his own publishing house. He chose the young husband of his favorite niece, Annie Moffett, as manager of this business—and also, as things developed, as personal representative in a dozen other enterprises, confidential secretary, general factotum, and safety valve.

Twain had been right both about the publishing house and its manager: the books did make money, and Charles Webster conducted the business well. But in the true temper of his times, Twain could not be satisfied with moderate or even excellent profits: they must be fantastic. He was constantly discovering something which was going to make him a millionaire—the Paige typesetting machine was only the most costly of a long series of speculations; and the pressure was too great for Charles Webster.

He broke down in health under the strain and left the firm in 1888. There-

series of Twain's own inventions, each of which had him for a while wildly enthusiastic. For example, this from a letter of October 31, 1884:

Dear Charley: I've got (for three months) the refusal of a half interest in a patent for keeping children from kicking the clothes off or rolling out of bed; & the only fault it has is that it is too cheap—90 cents to \$1.15. . . . But I have invented a more expensive and more convenient one, & presently when I see you we will talk about it.

Twain was always ordering Webster to sue somebody, breathing brimstone against some piracy of his work, imagined or real—not too uncommon in those days. Webster also had to see to repairs for the Clemens furnace, buy chairs for "Livy," make "Uncle Sam's" generous remittances to his relatives.

The letters are real Twain, every one of them. They make fascinating and often hilarious reading. Samuel Charles Webster, son of "Dear Charley," has done an outstandingly sound and discriminating job of editing—fitting the letters into their context, clearing the record without stress or rancor—and has also in his own writing made a big addition to our knowledge and understanding of Twain.

### Briefer Mention

#### BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*The Boy I Left Behind Me*, by Stephen Leacock. It's greatly to be regretted that the great teacher and humorist did not live to complete the story of his own life. This small book is the barest

beginning of an autobiography, but contains warm and likable pictures of childhood and school days in Canada.

*Passage to Glory: John Ledyard's America*, by Helen Augur. This is the eventful and significant story of a great American traveller, friend of Franklin and Jefferson, pioneer ethnologist, and prophet of his country's future in the Pacific. Unfortunately it is in parts badly overwritten.

*Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir*, by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. Probably the best biography isn't written with quite such starry-eyed hero worship as this book displays. But the life of John Muir was both heroic and romantic, and this is by far a more complete and authentic account than any previous one. Indispensable for lovers of Muir's writings and of the California mountains and forests.

*Hahnemann: The Adventurous Career of a Medical Rebel*, by Martin Gumpert. A life of significant conflict and an important chapter in medical history, brilliantly told. The background of 18th Century German medical practice, and the personality of Hahnemann, alike stand out with great vitality. Obviously of special interest to physicians, this book also has high general appeal.

*A Benjamin Franklin Reader*, edited by Nathan G. Goodman. The most famous of American autobiographies in full, and a very wide and well-organized selection of Franklin's letters and other writings. Consistently good reading, whether the subjects be scientific experiments or lovemaking, farming or the independence of the colonies.

#### THE WAR AND WORLD AFFAIRS

*The Great Pacific Victory: From the Solomons to Tokyo*, by Gilbert Cant. Admirable over-all account of the Pacific war, from Guadalcanal on. Soundly organized, very well written, authoritative.

*The Pocket History of the Second World War*, edited by Henry Steele Commager. Firsthand accounts of major phases and events, skillfully linked together to form a sustained narrative of the highest interest. Disproportionately brief treatment of operations in the Pacific.

*Beach Red*, by Peter Bowman. Highly unified fictional narrative of the experience of one American soldier in an amphibious attack in the Pacific. One of the most important creative expressions of World War II experience thus far.

*Iran*, by William S. Haas. Sound and very readable historical and descriptive account of one of the world's problem areas.

*Talk about Russia with Masha Scott*, by Pearl S. Buck. A young Russian woman who married an American engineer tells the story of her life in Soviet Russia to the American novelist. Her memory just [Continued on page 64]



# Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

● **Nailing Machine.** A portable, hand-operating nailing machine which saves 80 percent of the labor when used for chests, boxes, toys, storm windows, screens, and the like has been developed by a Chicago company. The nails are automatically countersunk.

● **Better Rubber Gloves.** Here is a welcome addition to the list of protective coverings for the hands: synthetic-rubber gloves which are highly resistant to mineral and vegetable oils, solvents, paints, and the like for purposes where the gloves are to be given hard wear.

● **Radio Runabouts?** The long-time dream of operating automobiles by radio power instead of by an engine and fuel is again reported as an accomplished fact. A Russian announcement tells of a one-ton truck being operated on a road underlaid with a high-frequency cable. A pickup system gathers the energy radiated from the cable and a tube rectifying system converts it into direct current to run the motor. The Russians expect soon to be riding in trains operated by this system.

● **Ask 'Information.'** The day is practically here when you can reach a city telephone exchange by means of your private "Walkie Talkie" carried in your car and be at once connected to any number in the telephone book. Then "Information" may be prepared to answer a lot of inquiries she never hears today, such as reports on road and weather conditions and all about how to get from where you are to where you want to go or the location of the nearest repair or towing service. All these common questions could be answered automatically by the use of standard word combinations which switch on prepared talking films or wire recordings.

● **Koksagyz Tires.** Since the name of the famous Russian dandelion seems destined to become common, we must learn to say "kok'-say-gees." It was only about three years ago, in the midst of the worst of the rubber shortage, that it was learned the Russians had developed a rubber-bearing dandelion capable of producing 150 to 200 pounds of rubber an acre. Thanks to Dr. Paul J. Kolachov, the United States was able to get some 200 pounds of the seed from Russia. The rubber is of such excellent quality and can be raised over such a wide area that it seems that, coupled with the synthetic rubbers now being produced, America should be able to retain permanently complete independence in rubber. Tires made of this prod-

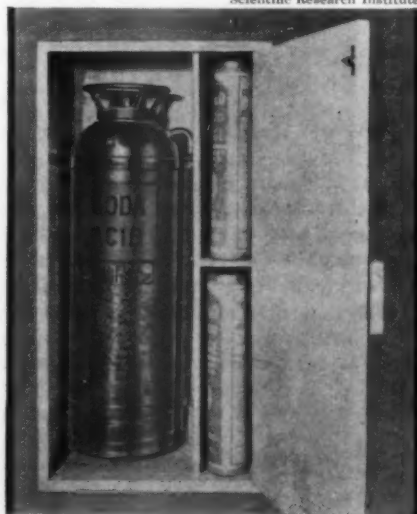
uct are now being manufactured and are said to equal the best hevea-tree rubber in quality.

● **Paper Dusting Cloths.** A new dusting and polishing paper which comes in 25-yard rolls a foot wide and packed in a carton with a serrated cutting edge, soaks up every particle of dust it touches and lets none of it come off to soil the hands. If one wishes to polish the furniture after dusting, he simply moistens the paper and wipes the surface with it, and then polishes the furniture with a dry piece. The result is a brilliant polish which will not come off or finger mark. This miracle paper is now sold in leading stores of the larger American cities.

● **Strange Killer.** While trying to find some use for the troublesome Southern weed called "Devil's Shoestring," a scientist discovered that by hydrogenating the extract from it he was able to produce a crystalline product which is deadly poisonous to cold-blooded life. The material is a hydrogenated rotenoid, and will kill lice, cockroaches, ticks, bedbugs, and even snakes by contact. A Drake University scientist painted some of it on a snake's belly and the snake died in about an hour. The compound, it seems, has no effect on warm-blooded animals and appears to be the ideal chemical for freeing dogs from ticks.

● **Egg Washer.** A new automatic self-cleaning sterilizing egg washer is now on the market. Placed in rubber compartments, the eggs are cleaned by a rubbing action under warm-water

Scientific Research Institute



HERE'S a safety factor for your home: a built-in wall cabinet or niche housing a soda-acid fire extinguisher and refill material. The extinguisher proves effective in emergencies which involve such combustibles as wood, paper, and upholstery.

sprays. Since the sterilization of the shells is accomplished by means of ultraviolet light, no chemical germicide is needed. The eggs are delivered clean, dry, and ready to pack.

● **P.T.M.** In this alphabetical age "P.T.M." means "Pulse Time Modulation" and refers to a new system of radio broadcasting whereby the conversation is chopped up into small bits and fitted so compactly back together again, after it reaches the point of reception, that the human ear is unable to detect the minute interruptions. The carrier wave vibrates at the high frequencies of some 1,300 million pulsations a second. The new development makes possible the sending of as many as 24 simultaneous conversations or 12 entirely different radio programs over the same frequency without any one interfering with the other. The company developing the system proposes automatic operation of long-distance telephone exchanges, reducing the cost and thus giving cheap service through the lessened expense of using no wires and being free from interruptions of floods and storms.

● **Tetrasan.** That is the name for alkyl dimethyl dichlor benzyl ammonium chloride. It comes in a 10 percent solution. This is diluted one to 100 to make a 1/1000 solution, which is, really, of course, a dichlorzepharin solution. A tablespoonful of this solution is added to one gallon of water and used for curing coccidiosis in chickens, abortion in cattle, bovine mastitis, wound and bloodstream infections, streptococcus and gangrene infections, malignant edema, etc.

● **Strange Lures.** To survey for the presence of gypsy moths in forested areas, a female-scent lure is used in the moth traps. The male moth will be attracted from a distance of a half mile or more and come to the traps and be caught on the sticky paper inside. By this method more than 5 million acres of forest can be surveyed by a single crew in a year. In similar fashion the mating cry of female mosquitoes, broadcast from a supersonic recording, is used to attract the males to their death in electric traps. As the number of males is small in proportion to the female-mosquito population, the rate of breeding can thus be greatly reduced.

● **Tetra Cresyl Silicate.** This new chemical is far superior to water for the transfer of heat and cold. It will not evaporate at 800°F. and can be piped to copper-finned radiators all over the house and even to the kitchen range, where it takes the place of gas and electricity. In the Summer it can be used for piping cold for home cooling and refrigerator and quick freezing. It does not freeze even at 50° below zero.

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Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

# Farmer Meets Townsmen

"**H**OW YOU feeling?" asked my Editor one morn as I answered his imperial buzz.

"Fair, O Master," I murmured.

"There!" he shouted, flinging his long arms toward the ceiling. "You talked me into it! So you want to go to a fair, eh! Okeh, you'll go to one, to a first-class, modern fair."

"Where?" I asked in a large voice for a mouse.

"In the State of the bayou, pelican, and praline."

"Louisiana!" I exclaimed. "Pray, is it all right bayou if I know just where in the Pelican State the fair's to be?"

"In the city of Alexandria—pop. 27,000," he answered. Then he went on, both of us quite rational now, to explain that the Rotary Club of Alexandria, Louisiana, was about to sponsor the annual Rapides Parish Agricultural and Live Stock Show—and that he wanted the story.

And thus it was that I headed for central Louisiana—this was several months back—to see for myself how the Alexandria Rotarians would work it.



THIS PIG went to the Fair, and won first prize in the Duroc sow class.



ROTARIANS with a ribbon winner at the Rotary-sponsored stock show in Alexandria, La. Club President G. F. Chicola is third from the right; J. Hamilton Cade, third from the left.

Incubation of the idea began at the start of the 1945-46 Rotary year, when Club President George F. Chicola took office. He felt that something should be done to promote the raising of diversified crops in the Alexandria region. He also wanted to further a better understanding between the farmers and the townspeople.

Backing the annual Rapides Parish Show, which had somehow lost some of its prewar sparkle, would be, he felt, a solid step in the right direction. It was an easy matter to get the Club's Rural-Urban Committee (headed by hard-working J. Hamilton Cade) enthusiastic over the project. And in no time the Club, the entire community, and, yes, the whole parish—which is Louisiana's name for county—was eager to see the bigger and better show.

And everyone who gathered at the City Park those four successive days saw just that—if they saw what I saw.

The Rotarians had collected \$5,500 to put the fair over, \$3,000 of that going for premiums. That was inspiration enough to bring in a total of 597 entries.

Another stimulant was the \$500 put aside to transport all livestock champions to the State fair.

Wish I'd tried to talk my Chief into a return assignment. Then I could tell you more about the \$2,000 which the

Club set aside to support the Central Louisiana 4-H Club Live Stock Show scheduled for this Spring. I'd like to have hung around, too, for the big night meeting which Alexandria Rotarians had about a fortnight after the big show—when the winning exhibitors were dined and presented with their prizes.

But back to the Fair before I forget some of the highlights. I got hungry just looking at the farm-family food displays. I was amazed at the sleekness of the beef and dairy entries—yes, even the swine.

Many an envious eye feasted on the 197 canning exhibits submitted by the girl 4-H Clubbers, to say nothing of the other attractive displays—fresh vegetables, clothing, accessories, etc.

Exhibits in several classes were said to have outdistanced those of previous years. They looked tops to me, and to the Alexandrians who turned out in large numbers to admire them and to meet and become better acquainted with their neighbors.

Wandering from table to stable, viewing the exhibits, I couldn't help feeling the glowing pride of the exhibitors, which was reflected—perhaps even magnified—on the countenances of the Rotarians. There is no question about it, they can well be proud of the sturdy foundation of rural-urban understanding which they have cemented through their Fair-sponsoring project. I don't need any more concrete evidence than what I saw.

—Yours, THE  
SCRATCHPAD MAN

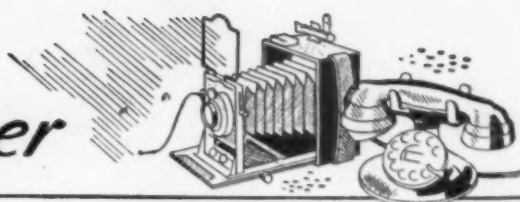




Rotary Clubs  
5,861

Rotarians  
261,750

# Rotary Reporter



## Get to Know the UNO

The opinion is unanimous among the members of the Rotary Club of STREATHAM, ENGLAND, that Rotary can do a great job in helping the world back to peace. As tangible evidence they cite their experience during the recent United Nations Organization (UNO) Conference in London, when the Club entertained the delegate from Syria and arranged for his comfort while he was in the city.

## Meet the Champs of Kaukauna

Folks in KAUKAUNA, Wis., are probably wondering when the Spring baseball practice will start. They still recall the slug fest in 1943 when the challenging Lions Club team defeated



GET A LOOK at that bat! Perhaps that's why the Kaukauna, Wis., Rotary Club won its title game with the Lions (see item).

the Rotary "nine," the 1944 game when accounts were squared, and the 1945 championship tussle on V-J Day when the Rotary sluggers won the local championship (see cut).

## Gavel Travels by Air to Paris

Availing themselves of an opportunity to stimulate international goodwill, members of the Rotary Club of PHILADELPHIA, PA., dispatched a silver-banded Rotary gavel on the recent first Transcontinental and Western Air commercial flight from that city to PARIS, FRANCE. The token of friendship was delivered in a matter of hours to the President of the PARIS Rotary Club.

## Teach Speech at Spokes' Club

New evidence was recently indicated of the worthwhileness of the Rotary Spokes' Club whose membership is made up of Calgary, Alta., Canada, Rotarians interested in studying public speaking. Three of them presented precise talks before the Rotary Club in which they showed all the markings of professionals—despite the fact that two of the men had never before spoken in public. One speaker, discussing the need for international understanding, stressed the importance of Canada understanding its neighbors, pointing out how air travel has increased

the proximity of Canada and Russia. . . . Spokes Clubs flourish in many other Rotary Clubs also. For a story on how these public-speaking "classes" work, see *Unaccustomed As I Was*—THE ROTARIAN, March, 1943.

## Speaking of Visitors . . .

Rotary attendance records are being made and broken almost every day. For instance, the Rotary Club of ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., in the Winter vacation "belt," crowds its meeting room week after week. One recent meeting saw 352 out-of-towners join with 105 of the Club's 122 members, setting a new record of 457—while another 100 Rotarians could not be accommodated. . . . Among smaller Clubs to "pack 'em in" is that of HOUSTON HEIGHTS, TEX., which has had an average of 24 guests at every meeting since the start of the Rotary year. The Club roster is 53.

## Age-Old Goal 5 Minutes Nearer

International Service has been brought "out of the clouds" as far as the members of the Rotary Club of HARTFORD, CONN., are concerned. Since the first of the year a five-minute period of each meeting is devoted to a "salute" to a country represented in Rotary International, the talk often being made by a member with direct knowledge of that land. At a recent meeting the Club honored its 26 members (over 12 percent of the roster) who were born outside the U.S.A. Nations represented: Austria, Canada, Denmark, England, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Poland, Scotland, Sweden, and the Ukraine.

## They Cross Bats across Border

An adventure in international understanding was recently written into the records of the Rotary Club of TORONTO, ONT., CANADA, when the Club sponsored a double-header softball game between the champion girls' team of the United States (the New Orleans Jax) and two of Canada's highest ranking teams (Simpson's Senior Ladies and the Sunday Morning Class). Nearly 12,000 persons packed the indoor garden (see cut)



Photo: Turofsky

to witness the contests, and the Club realized more than \$9,000 to apply toward the \$50,000 it has pledged for the construction of a children's hospital.

## Old-Timers Give New Perspective

Refreshing knowledge of local history was brought to members of the Rotary Club of VASSAR, MICH., recently when they honored the two oldest residents of the community. Reminiscing, a 96-year-old man who'd sold shoes for 50 years discussed changes in business and civic life, and an 86-year-old native traced his home town's development from a tiny lumbering settlement to a thriving little city.

## Spur Charities at Jamshedpur

Charities of the Rotary Club of JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA, have been spurred along. The collection of the Club's Sunshine Box at a recent meeting was donated to a memorial fund; and the Club's Leprosy Committee reports sizable additions to the funds being gathered to provide an annex for a leprosy hospital.

## Lend Cripples a Helping Hand

How Rotary Clubs have helped cripples is an old story, known to Rotarians in every land. Here are a few recent examples: In GEELONG, AUSTRALIA, the Rotary Club paid half the cost of an artificial limb for a youth, in order that he might be better able to seek employment. . . . The Rotary Club of NASHUA, N. H., sponsors a "factory" where braces are made for cripples—by cripples. . . . The Rotary Club of DURHAM, ONT., CANADA, has worked with crippled children of the community for years, recently donated beds to the local Red Cross hospital and has redecorated several of the hospital's wards. . . . Equipment and material which the Ro-

AS A gesture of goodwill, visiting "softballers" (see item) from United States gave Basil Tippet, Toronto Rotary Club President, this trophy.





Photo: Dementi

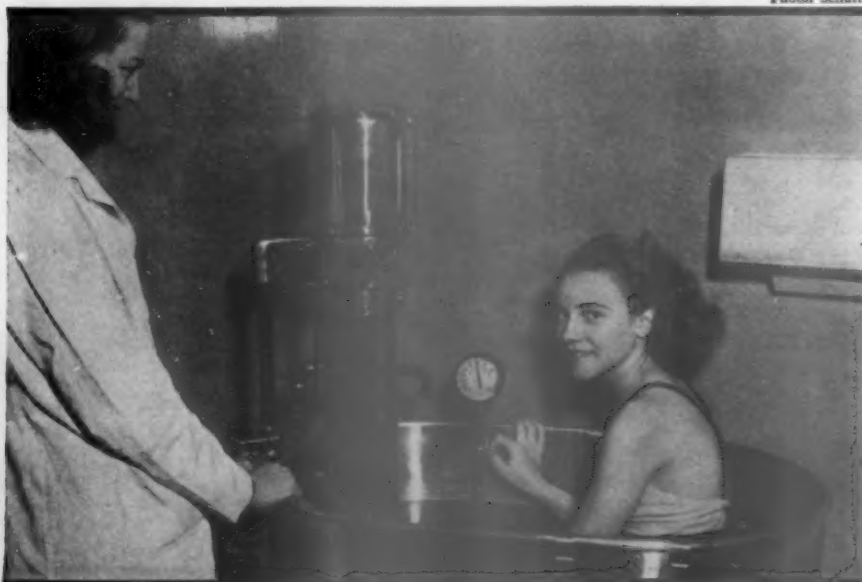
KIDDIES suffering from infantile paralysis giggled with glee when the "Singing Buckeroos" of the Rotary Club of Staunton, Va., performed at a Richmond, Va., hospital.



A FOUR-PANEL discussion of education in other lands featured a recent meeting of the University District Rotary Club of

Seattle, Wash. Student guests represented 14 other countries. Speakers (above) were from Argentina, Iran, India, and China.

Photo: Schultz



HELPING crippled children is not merely a Summer-camp affair for the Rotary Club of Escanaba, Mich. The Club recently ob-

tained this hydrotherapy unit (whirlpool bath) for use in treating youngsters in the orthopedic room of the local "junior high."

tary Club of SANTA MARIA, CALIF., furnished for an occupational-therapy unit at a near-by Army hospital have been repurchased from the Army to be turned over to the city. . . . A crippled-children clinic is being financed by the Rotary Club of MINERSVILLE, PA.

**Proof that '52 Are 25'** Congratulations are due 52 Rotary Clubs around the world upon reaching their 25th milestone during April.

They are Lamar, Colo.; Tucson, Ariz.; Mattoon, Ill.; Paragould, Ark.; Rawlins, Wyo.; Iron Mountain, Mich.; Lodi, Calif.; Salem, Ohio; Columbus, Miss.; Charlottesville, Va.; New Britain, Conn.; Hancock, Mich.; Chico, Calif.; Mexico, Mo.; Fergus Falls, Minn.; Montrose, Colo.; Ashtabula, Ohio; Kingston, Ont., Canada; Sanford, Fla.; Miami, Fla.; Greenville, Ohio; Punxsutawney, Pa.; Altus, Okla.

Duncan, Okla.; Port Angeles, Wash.; Hudson, N. Y.; Steubenville, Ohio; Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Greenwich, Conn.; Lebanon, Pa.; Beverly, Mass.; Paris, Tenn.; Willimantic, Conn.; Harrisonburg, Va.; Daytona Beach, Fla.; Nacogdoches, Tex.; Cumberland, Md.; Jamestown, N. Dak.; Endicott, N. Y.; Stamford, Tex.; Kenosha, Wis.; Meriden, Conn.

Eagle Grove, Iowa; Peterborough, Ont., Canada; Rochester, Pa.; Adrian, Mich.; Vernon, Tex.; Union City, Ind.; Mexico City, Mexico; Rotherham, England; Paris, France; and Melbourne, Australia.

Among the 73 members of the Rotary Club of ASHTABULA, OHIO, who observed the Club's recent 25th anniversary were nine charter members.

When the Rotary Club of DEFIANCE, OHIO, recently observed its 25th anniversary, the printed program, and the local press, reproduced a photo of 23 of the Club's 25 charter members as they appeared "back when." Four are still on the roster.

Principal speakers at the ladies' night which marked the recent 25th anniversary of the Rotary Club of TAUNTON, MASS., were Percy Hodgson, of Pawtucket, R. I., a Past Director of Rotary International, and the Rev. Wilton E. Cross, a Past President of the Club.

**Fremont Surveys, Then 'Digs In'** Residents of FREMONT, N.C., are thankful that a Rotary Club

was organized there in 1944, for the Club is doing much to put FREMONT "on the map." Some months ago a survey was made to determine what might be done to improve both the Club and the community. As a result, projects now under consideration include the establishment of a laundry, a cannery, a sweet-potato curing plant, a major industrial enterprise, beautification of the community, and the setting up of a publicity committee.

**J-O-B-S Spells 'Home' in Texas** Some 200 war veterans who have returned to their homes in PALESTINE, TEX., have more than a good word to say for the local Rotary

Club—and here's why: Knowing that home is not *home* without a job, the Rotary Club organized the Palestine Veterans' Counsel last September, hoping to be able to "dig up" positions for returning service personnel. Although the office was recently closed, when the Veterans' Administration opened a duplicatory service, the Rotarians are still looking out for the veterans. All members who served as counsellors have agreed to offer advice any time it's wanted, and they are on the lookout for job openings.

When veterans come home to FREEPORT, N. Y., one of the first things they receive besides a cordial welcome is a copy of a "Work Pile" report—the result of a survey made several months ago by the local Rotary Club. The report lists opportunities the "vet" had hoped for, but wasn't sure were right in his own home town.

Every businessman in the county recently received a letter from the Rotary Club of DECORAH, IOWA, urging aid in listing all jobs which might be available for returning servicemen.

#### Middle Asia 'at' Rotary Assembly

When travel conditions made it impossible for District Governors in the Middle Asia area to attend the International Assembly in Chicago, Ill., last May, a District Governors' Assembly took its place—in Bombay, India. Pictures taken there (see cut) were shown in movie houses. Left to right in the photograph are District Governors N. C. Laharry and Kenneth W. Taylor; H. W. Bryant, Secretary for Middle Asia; District Governor T. K. Modi; Past Director Sir Frederick E. James; and Past District Governor Abraham Gardiner. In the March issue of *THE ROTARIAN* (page 46) a group photo was incorrectly captioned as having been taken at the Assembly. It was a picture of the members of the new Rotary Club of Amraoti, India, which Past District Governor Sir Sultan Chinoy (seated, third from left in that photo) was mainly instrumental in organizing.

#### Accent Is on Doing at Deming

Residents of DEMING, N. MEX., know that when the local Rotary Club undertakes a project, it is pretty sure to be done—and well. They saw this, for example, happen the other day: The Club undertook to raise at least \$1,800 for an iron lung (see cut) for the local hospital. Such was the response to the drive that \$2,055 was raised and an infant respirator, aspirator, and accessories for the lung were also obtained.

#### Canada Knows It's Better Known

A recent meeting of the Rotary Club of SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., at which a Canadian spoke on "Your Northern Neighbor," was shared by every Rotary Club in Canada. Copies of the day's program, carrying "Greetings to the Dominion of Canada" and a message to SAN FRANCISCO Rotarians from Canada's Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, [Continued on page 63]



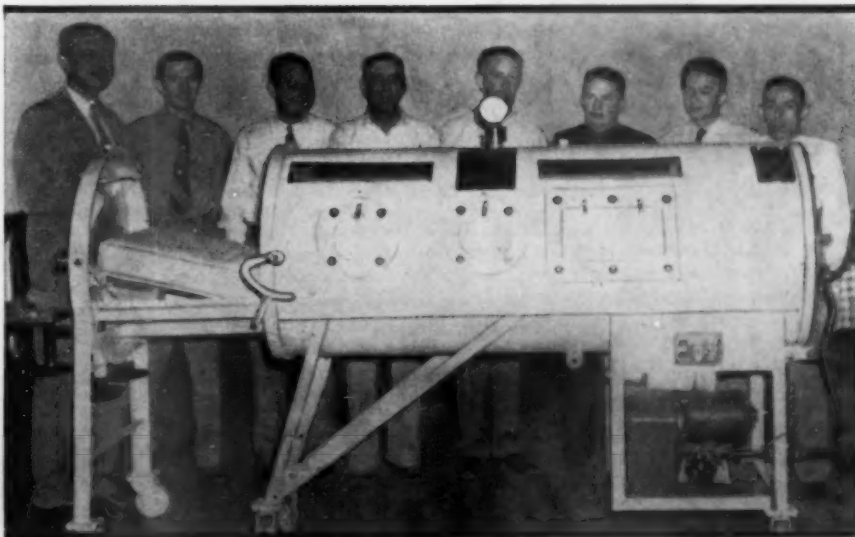
MEETING-EATING problems of the Rotary Club of Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, were recently solved when the Club purchased this

large house and fixed it up for Club purposes. Located on an acre of land, it has a dining room with a capacity of 100.



IT'S A SAFE guess that Rotary in Middle Asia was the subject of conversation when these present and past officers recently as-

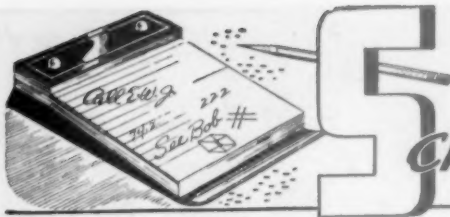
sembled in Bombay, India, with Rotary's Secretary for that region (see item). Movies made there were shown throughout the land.



MEMBERS of the Iron Lung Committee and Rotary Club officers of Deming, N. Mex., pose with the "lifesaver" which generous

citizens of the community helped the Club obtain for a local hospital, along with an infant respirator and other devices (see item).





## Scratchpaddings

**CONFERENCES.** For the first time since before the war, Presidents and Secretaries of larger Rotary Clubs recently met in a series of conferences at the Central Office of Rotary International in Chicago, Ill. Held during February, in three groups, the Conferences brought 58 officers from 32 Clubs. The program included a tour of the office, a presentation of the various phases of the work of the Secretariat, a discussion of specific phases of large Club administration, and a roundtable discussion.

**Emissary.** His fellow members of the Rotary Club of Port Huron, Mich., are eagerly awaiting the return of FRANK CONROY, export manager of a local brass company, who is making an air tour of various Latin-American countries. They want to hear all about it. A member of the Club's International Service Committee, ROTARIAN CONROY is visiting as many Rotary Clubs as possible, conveying greetings of his group in either Spanish or Portuguese.

**Decorated.** For his outstanding work in helping to put the seven War Loan and the Victory Loan drives over the top in his county, ROTARIAN PAUL J. POAG,

of Del Rio, Tex., was recently awarded a medal by authority of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, FRED M. VINSON. ROTARIAN POAG was vice-chairman of the county War Finance Committee, and as such had pushed the sale of bonds aggregating more than 6½ million dollars.

**'Rotary Streets' Cont'd.** News about streets peopled almost wholly by Rotarians continues to come in (see page 38, THE ROTARIAN for October, 1945; page 51 for January, 1946; and page 39 for February, 1946). Latest report comes from M. C. TREADWAY, JR., Bristol, Conn., Rotarian, announcing that active members of his Rotary Club live in five of the seven houses on Carleton Place in that city.

**Honors.** SIG H. ATKINSON, a member of the Rotary Club of Torrington, Wyo., was recently elected vice-president of the Wyoming Publishers' and Editors' Association, and awarded the Hanway plaque significant of the outstanding community service performed by the Torrington Telegram, of which he is editor and publisher. . . . Among the war medals awarded BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE J. FORSTER, an honorary member



**CONGRATULATIONS** to Rotarian and Mrs. Arthur R. Timerman upon their golden wedding anniversary! Dr. Timerman is a charter member of the Rotary Club of the South Side of St. Joseph, Mo., and has maintained a perfect-attendance record for eight years.

of the Rotary Club of El Paso, Tex., are Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with Palm. . . . M. D. MEHTA, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Okhadowarka, India, and a former Rotarian at Ahmedabad and at Calcutta, was recently appointed industrial advisor to the State's industrial delegation to the United Kingdom and the United States. . . . FRANK H. JONES, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Smethwick, England, a Freeman of the County Borough of Smethwick and a former Mayor, was recently awarded the Order of the British Empire for his public service. . . . FRANK HALL, editor of the Hill City (Kans.)



Lovejoy

**G**ENERAL SECRETARY of Rotary International since July, 1942, PHILIP LOVEJOY is well known to Rotarians the world around. He was Assistant General Secretary for 12 years before that, serving in every division of the Rotary headquarters in Chicago, Illinois, and managing 12 International Assemblies—held in Austria, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Switzerland, and the United States. Before joining Rotary's service staff he was an educational administrator, and was a member of the Rotary Club of Mount Clemens, Michigan, and was

## Meet 'Phil' and 'Dick'

Brief biographical profiles of the General Secretary and the newly named Treasurer of Rotary International.

twice President of the Hamtramck, Michigan, Rotary Club. "SECRETARY PHIL" is now a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois, and serves on its Rotary Problems Commission. During World War I he was a personnel officer in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Rotary's recently appointed international Treasurer, RICHARD E. VERNOR, who was named to succeed the late SILVESTER SCHIELE, who died in December, is manager of the Fire Prevention Department of the Western Actuarial Bureau, in Chicago, Illinois. He supervises the work of fire-prevention associations in 19 Midwestern States. A native of Detroit, Michigan, he is president of the National Fire Protection Association, chairman of the annual National Fire Department Instructors' Conference, president of the Greater Chicago Safety Council, and a trus-

tee of Albion (Michigan) College, from which he graduated. "TREASURER DICK" is a member and Past President of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois, and has served Rotary International as Director, District Governor, and Committee member and Chairman.



Vernor

*Times*, was recently elected president of the Kansas Press Association. He is a Past President of his Rotary Club. . . . SIR CLIFFORD M. AGARWALA, Immediate Past President of the Rotary Club of Patna, India, has been appointed officiating Chief Justice of the Patna High Court.

**Author.** Two useful and timely booklets have come from the pen of R. B. HOVEY, President of the Rotary Club of Sandbach, England: *The Foreman's Guide* and *Your Own Business*, the latter being "advice and warnings for the ex-service man and woman."

**A '20 Pin.'** The late R. D. ROBINSON, Past Secretary of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, had a record of 20 years' perfect attendance, which won him a diamond-studded pin bearing the numeral "20" from his Club. The prized pin was willed to ROTARIAN HAROLD J.



**ANOTHER golden-wedding couple!** Congratulations to Rotarian and Mrs. William J. Brower, of Quincy, Ill. A member of the Quincy Rotary Club since 1928, he holds the classification of "poultry supplies."

SEIBENTHALER, whose attendance record has not yet reached 20 years, and who was thus not eligible to wear it. The pin has now been offered to the Club as a memorial to ROTARIAN ROBINSON, and will be worn for a year by any member of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati whose perfect-attendance mark reaches 20 years.

**'Atomic Club.'** There is now a Rotary Club in the "Atomic City"—Oak Ridge, Tenn., where the atomic bombs were



SINCE this charter-night picture showing a group of Oak Ridge and Knoxville, Tenn., Rotarians was taken, the "Atomic City" Rotary Club (see item) has more than trebled its membership. One of the features of the charter meeting was the fact that it brought men together who had never met, despite the fact that they'd worked on the same project three years.

born. The nuclear idea of founding the Club was generated by CHARLES N. CADWALLADER, a Past International Director, away off in his home town of Lincoln, Nebr. A conversation he'd had in his fur store with a customer whose husband works in Oak Ridge had set the idea awhirling in his head. Groundwork was then laid by CLINTON N. HERNANDEZ, a member of the Rotary Club of Yonkers, N. Y., who manages the "secret city," and JULIAN G. MORTON and E. F. GARRATT, of the Rotary Club of Knoxville, Tenn. Nine members of the Knoxville Club attended the "big explosion" when the Club held its charter meeting (see cut).

**More Beavers.** Rotarians are busy in Scouting work in Belleville, Ill. Five of the ten holders of the Silver Beaver award in the Kaskaskia Council of Boy Scouts are members of the local Rotary Club: HENRY C. G. SCHRADER, VAL HIRTH, CHARLES A. GROSSART, LEROY A. WEHRLE, and C. G. CHENOWETH. In addition, ROTARIAN FRED FRIEDELWALD is the new president of the council. The council and the

Belleville Rotary Club were both organized in 1920, and eight of the past presidents of the council also hold Rotary membership: HENRY C. G. SCHRADER, VAL HIRTH, LEROY A. WEHRLE, P. K. JOHNSON, H. R. CALHOUN, LOUIS SAAGER, RALPH C. NIEMEYER, and CHARLES L. JOSEPH. . . . EVAN R. STEVENS, a member of the Rotary Club of Independence, Kans., was recently awarded the Silver Beaver citation for the Sekan Area Council for 1945 and was elected president of the council for 1946. He succeeds D. R. BROWN, a Coffeyville, Kans., Rotarian. . . . CLARENCE SNYDER, President of the Rotary Club of Delta, Colo., received the Silver Beaver award at the recent meeting of the Western Colorado Boy Scout Council.

**Spartan.** The menu matter at Rotary meetings could be solved easily if all Rotarians had the appetite of WILLIAM T. PIPER, a member of the Rotary Club of Lock Haven, Pa. He drinks only fruit juice for breakfast, eats lunch only on days he attends Rotary. His idea of a fine meal, it is said, is a tossed green



## 522 Years of 100% Attendance!

That's the grand total for these 20 Rotarians, none of whom has missed a meeting in 25 years.

(1) Col. Edward Flowers, 26½ yrs., Portsmouth and Southsea, England; (2) Dr. A. B. Leeds, physician—general practice, 25½ yrs., Chickasha, Okla.; (3) Joseph Davis, Sr., recreation, 25½ yrs., Grand Haven, Mich.; (4) Hart I. Seely, newspaper publishing, 25½ yrs., Waverly, N. Y.; (5) James Christensen, retail groceries, 25½ yrs., Laramie, Wyo.; (6) Guy Hawk, oil producing, 25½ yrs., Newton, Kans.; (7) George F. Bial, honorary, 25½ yrs., Findlay, Ohio; (8) Arch C. Rohr, typewriters, 26½ yrs., Atlantic City, N. J.; (9) Edwin L. Holton, senior active, 26½ yrs., Manhattan, Kans.; (10) Ross H. Bangs, jewelry—retail, 27½ yrs., Dodge City, Kans.; (11) Walter M. Clower, electrical construction, 26½ yrs., Dallas, Tex.; (12) J. Frank Groover, general merchandise retailing, 25½ yrs., Lewisburg, Pa.; (13) Myron E. Tambling, government service (civil service), 25½ yrs., Pekin, Ill.; (14) John Duncan, pianos, 25½ yrs., New Haven, Conn.; (15) Condit Atkinson, associations—Chamber of Commerce, 25½ yrs., New Brunswick, N. J.; (16)



John C. Banta, merchant tailoring—men's, 27½ yrs., Muncie, Ind.; (17) George B. Nelson, real estate, 26½ yrs., Casper, Wyo.; (18) George W. Kalat, groceries—retailing, 25 yrs.; (19) Thomas Crabtree, past service, 28½ yrs., and (20) Fred J. Chamberlain, merchandise broker, 26 yrs., all of Worcester, Mass.



**ROTARY Club Presidencies** are a family monopoly for the Henry Awbreys! Henry, Sr. (left), heads the Branson-Hollister, Mo., Club; while Henry Jr. (right), is President of the Rotary Club of Pittsfield, Ill.

salad and a dish of rice pudding. He fills the gaps with vitamin pills.

**Peregrinator.** Rotary's international President, T. A. WARREN, of Wolverhampton, England, is more than busy travelling these days. After completing a circuit which took him to Rotary Clubs in California, Oregon, and Washington in the United States, and British

Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba in Canada, he returned to the Central Office of the Secretariat in Chicago, Ill., to attend various Committee meetings in March. His late March and April schedule called for appearances in Florida, Cuba, Mexico, Texas, and Missouri, with his return to Chicago late in April. He will leave shortly thereafter for England.

**Sister.** Remember mention of the tour of labor camps for Mexican nationals which CARLOS TERRAZAS made as a representative of the Mexican Ministry of Labor (see *Simpático at Dowagiac*, in THE ROTARIAN for January, 1946)? Well, his sister, MARIA TERRAZAS, has been Executive Secretary of the Rotary Club of Mexico City, Mexico, for the past 18 years. She was among those attending the recent meetings for Club Presidents and Secretaries held at the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International in Chicago, Ill.

**Commission Men.** When RAYMOND E. BALDWIN, Governor of Connecticut, recently appointed a commission to study



**DROPPING** into The Rotarian offices as the Dutch pictorial (see page 16) was being prepared, Dr. Frans H. Smith, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Amersfoort, The Netherlands, provided much valuable information. A dentist, he is doing a bit of "brushing up" on new techniques in the U. S. A.

the probate courts of that State, he named to it two Rotarians: CHARLES W. PETTENGILL, of Greenwich, Rotary's Third Vice-President in 1944-45, and CLIFFORD STURGES, of East Haven.

THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

## Rotary's Voice Radioed 'Round World

*A special broadcast gathered from the earth's far corners marks the 41st anniversary of the international movement.*

**T**HE PATHS of service which Rotary International has travelled for the past four decades are now better known to Mr. and Mrs. Everybody.

On February 23, 1946, the 41st anniversary of the founding of Rotary's first Club, a world-wide radio broadcast was aired over the National Broadcasting Company and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation networks, carrying informative and dramatic messages from prominent Rotarians in both hemispheres.

Rotary's international President, T. A. WARREN, of Wolverhampton, England, spoke from Winnipeg, Man., Canada, where he addressed that Club's 22d annual international goodwill meeting. PRESIDENT WARREN was director of education in Wolverhampton for 25 years, until his retirement a year ago.

CARLOS HOERNING, of Santiago, Chile, Rotary International's Third Vice-President, "came in" from the Chilean capital, where he is a civil engineer and a professor in the University of Chile.

Failure of radio contact kept DIRECTOR C. HARALD TROLLE, of Kalmar, Sweden, from participating in Stockholm. He is managing director of the Commercial Bank of Sweden's branch offices for Kalmar

and portions of near-by Provinces.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON, United States Secretary of Agriculture, who was President of Rotary International in 1932-33, spoke from Washington, D. C., touching on the vital rôle which food will play in the postwar world.

Broadcasting from Manila, The Philippines, was GIL J. PUYAT, a household-furnishings manufacturer who is President of the Rotary Club of Manila.

Another note from the Pacific came from A. T. BORDALLO (no photo available), a wholesale merchant on Guam, who heads the Rotary Club there.

The voice of ALY EMINE YEHIA PASHA, a member of the Committee on Participation of Rotarians in the Postwar World, was picked up in Cairo, Egypt. He is the chairman of the board of a cotton-pressing company in Alexandria.

Also speaking from the eastern side of the Atlantic was ERNESTO SANTOS BASTOS, of Lisbon, Portugal, a Director of Rotary International. He is a public works and industrial civil engineer, and a director of numerous concerns.

Introducing each speaker from a radio studio in Chicago, Ill., was PHILIP LOVEJOY, General Secretary of Rotary International.



WARREN



HOERNING



TROLLE



ANDERSON



PUYAT



YEHIA PASHA



BASTOS



## Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

that will be a prayer for peace and as a permanent page of history. It must be a monument as a place to pray and not to play.

### Unite Fraser and Lewis Ideas

*Suggests C. R. MOONEY, Secretary Gold Stars United, Amer. War Dads Kansas City, Missouri*

The two "discussion leaders" James Earle Fraser and William Mather Lewis, presenting their views on *What Kind of War Memorial?* in the February debate-of-the-month, offered some splendid ideas and notable arguments. But was it necessary that they assume the viewpoint that their main themes were not compatible?



Mooney

Gold Stars United offers the proposal that the Fraser recommendations be merged with the Lewis "living memorials." Why not erect monumental stadia, for example, dedicated to our honored war dead? Mr. Fraser's friezes could very appropriately be placed on the facades of the public auditoriums advocated by Mr. Lewis. Other suggestions: A beautiful memorial fountain constructed as an integral part of a swimming pool. . . . A sculptured soldierly figure installed in the main foyer of a public library or other institution, with names inscribed on the pedestal; a muted voice operated by clock mechanism, declaring, each hour, "You are privileged to enjoy the benefits of this library because we died fighting to save your liberties." . . . Those of our schools which are plain and sometimes ugly (school-board economies on construction costs) could be memorably beautified. . . . Hospital operating rooms must be scientifically clean and efficient, but hospital entrances and foyers do not need to be coldly uninviting. Great memorial hospitals offer ideal opportunities for Mr. Fraser's artistic treatment.

May we offer a suggestion and an invitation to Rotary Clubs throughout the United States and the world? First, let it be explained that Gold Stars United is an organization of parents who have lost sons and daughters serving with the armed forces of the United States in World War II. We are organized under the sponsorship of the American War Dads. Our invitation to Rotary International is that your Clubs ask the Gold Star fathers and mothers in all communities where you are organized to join with Rotary in the program here outlined:

Erect new flagpoles at public and parochial schools, or, if satisfactory poles already are installed, then place new bases. Upon the bases of those flagpoles, inscribe the names of former pupils or students who made the supreme sacrifice in World War II. Advocate that the school adopt a daily flag exercise, part of which shall be a recital that

## HAVE YOU A SENSE OF *Impending Events?*



### Worried about what's in your crystal ball?

You don't need a modern Nostradamus or a Cassandra to tell you that accidents like those depicted above are occurring every minute of the day, and are likely to increase when post-war motor car production puts millions of additional cars on the highways.

We suggest that the present is a good time to arrange for protection against mounting loss-potentials.

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the individuals named on the memorial plate at the flagpole bases gave their lives in order that the freedom of honest education could be enjoyed by all present. Propose that the pupils or students themselves, in every school adopting the idea, shall compose their own patriotic memorial recital, including, perhaps, the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The phrasing of such recital could well be changed at the beginning of each term, as a school exercise to impress upon the memories of young America there attending that boys and girls who passed through those selfsame or similar halls believed strongly enough in freedom to give their lives defending the rights of those now in school to enjoy fully the benefits there received.

The ceremonial flagpole could embrace admirably both the Fraser and Lewis recommendations—inspiring art joined to useful memorials. Not many weeks in the future comes another Flag Day. That would be the ideal occasion for dedicating these school flagpoles or flagpole bases. Rotary Clubs throughout the United States could adopt no worthier cause. They surely could get acceptance from most Gold Star parents, physically capable of attending, to be present at the dedicatory services.

If the idea were adopted by Rotary Clubs in all Allied lands, so much the better. War will be eliminated from world affairs when the common people of peace-loving nations make love of country a daily observance throughout their lives. Future Hitlers, Mussolinis, and Tojos will not dare tempt the resistance of plain ordinary folks who, by daily practice, recall the terrible cost they must pay when nations resort to armed conflict.

### 'End of Trail' at Waupun

INFORMS C. O. THOMAS

Aeronautic-Accessories Manufacturer

President, Rotary Club

Waupun, Wisconsin

Our Rotary Club has taken special interest in the article by James Earle Fraser [see debate-of-the-month for February, *What Kind of War Memorial?*], for let it be known that Waupun is proud of, and delights in, its possession of the original masterpiece by Fraser, *The End of the Trail*, which was acquired after its showing in San Francisco and presented to the community as a gift by one of our leading citizens. The statue now adorns a beautiful little

park situated near the gateway to the local cemetery.

Could anything be more appropriate?

### Re: 'That Tariff Question'

FROM W. E. BURNAND

Electric Power Engineer

President, Rotary Club

Sheffield, England

The debate-of-the-month in *THE ROTARIAN* for December on *That Tariff Question* prompts me to write the following.

Having studied economics for more than 50 years, and read many thousands of pages relating to the subject, some conclusions may be opportune.

Nine-tenths of the reading matter consists of repetition, sometimes from a slightly different angle. Much of it applies to past conditions when prosperity was dependent on the local harvest. Transport development has altered that, and a world shortage can only result from a world war or short-sighted self-interest or mismanagement.

More directly dealing with tariffs, it is obviously absurd to import what can be made equally well at home. If the home cost is 50 percent higher than the import cost, conditions are not equal. The correct remedy is not to stick on a tariff, but to import, and to make something else. America is not so short of resourcefulness and invention that this can't be done—always.

Trade consists of the exchange of goods and services, money acting as a tally of transactions. The benefit of trade is that the respective parties secure better goods and services than if each endeavored to provide for their own wants. Now consider economic nationalism as a point on this scale: Buy American; buy our State; buy our town; buy our street; buy nowhere; make everything yourself. The principle, and the result, is the same throughout: as the area of trading is reduced, we have to work harder for a given standard of living, till, when we get to the "do everything yourself" point, few of us could even make a living working to the limits of endurance. And reasonably intelligent people swallow this lunacy as a cure for unemployment.



"ABOUT that loan we discussed yesterday. Just how much would you need, Mr. Bascomb?"

## Observing UNO for Rotary

[Continued from page 14]

was understood that these points of view would be dealt with in the various Councils and Committees. Each speech was given in English or French and interpreted in the other language. Then one delegation whose language is neither English nor French insisted on stressing its nationalism and patriotism by presenting its comment in its language. That set the ball rolling and the Assembly had to listen to numerous speeches in languages which few understood and then wait while they were interpreted in English and French. Another reason why someday there will have to be an international auxiliary language if hundreds of important persons are not to waste hours waiting while interpretations are made.

After this week of so-called debate the several Councils and Committees went into session. The RI ticket said that it would admit to these meetings, but when we tried to use it, we found that the rooms were so small that a change in plans had had to be made and the tickets were not valid. At that point I hurried back to my work in Zurich and the alternates undertook to cover the two or three remaining meetings of the General Assembly.

Several meetings of the Outside Organizations Group were arranged so that we observers might meet people from the delegations. For example, during the week of debate, such a meeting was arranged at which Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest. She spoke briefly and informally of her impressions of the Assembly and then answered numerous questions on all sorts of subjects.

One evening the President and General Council of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland offered a reception and dinner in honor of the delegates to the Assembly. Nearly every delegation sent a representative. RIBI had tried to find those members of delegations who were Rotarians. A few were located, but apparently there were not so many Rotarians in London as at San Francisco.\*

At the dinner the toast to the delegates was proposed by Tom Benson, President of RIBI, and the response was made by Jan Masaryk, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czechoslovakia. He was for years an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Prague. The toast to international goodwill was proposed by Wilfrid Andrews, Past Director of RI. Generous portions of these splendid and

\* See THE ROTARIAN, July, 1945, for an account of a dinner attended by Rotarians at the San Francisco Conference.

A pretty sharp laddie was Sammy O'Rile  
He always insisted  
on next Season's style...



But the shoes that our Sammy considered so neat  
Tormented his toes and blistered his feet.



Then poor Samuel learned, yes Sammy got hep  
To Wright Arch Preserver's light, youth-keeping step.

Now Sammy steps out — ah, folks, what a sight!  
His smile tells the tale — Arch Preservers by Wright.



Style for every season, plus a kind of out-of-this-world comfort no other shoe can give—that's Wright Arch Preserver for you! You rediscover walking pleasure day-in, day-out, when you explore your nearest Arch Preserver Shop. (See the classified telephone directory for the address.) And write for our booklet. It tells why so many thousands of active men say Arch Preservers are the most comfortable shoes in the world. Dept. R-4, E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

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meaningful addresses appeared in the press the next morning.

And the net reaction of this observer to the Assembly? That the members of the delegations were working in an earnest and optimistic spirit. There seemed to be an atmosphere of determination to "make this thing go." There was not always agreement, sometimes some of them couldn't quite understand why an objection was made or a pro-

cedure suggested, but there was such evident sincerity on the part of all, that slight differences were overlooked in the interest of the greater whole. This is written while the first session has still 15 days to run. Obviously, it is too early to give a complete and final appraisal of the meeting. At the moment, however, one would say that the spirit of the delegations is right and that UNO is off to a good start.

## Is All This Really Necessary?

*[Continued from page 15]*

the American Express in Athens begged me to pay my bill in Italy, where money was more stable, I thought, "Thank Heaven, the American dollar is always a dollar"—and found it wasn't before I reached Florence, because, meanwhile, America had gone off the gold standard. All that, of course, is a question apart, and it's about to be answered, we're told, by agreements in Bretton Woods, or the Black Forest, or somewhere. What's eatin' me is why there shouldn't be some sort of a coin or bill that can be expended as easily in London or Bangkok as in New York. Why was it ever necessary for the average visitor in England to go about reciting, "Twelve pence make a shilling, and 20 shillings a pound, unless it's a guinea, and then it's 21, but what in heck is half a crown"?

Weights and measures are a little less varied because, in 1799, delegates from almost everywhere got together in Paris and adopted the metric system. From almost everywhere, that is, except Britain and the United States, which cling to different versions of the imperial system, thus complicating life a little bit more. The metric system has been legalized both in Britain and in the United States, but, as it isn't commonly used in either country, that doesn't seem to make much difference.

Don't ask any Englishman or American what the metric system is, and, if you begin reading about it, and discover it to be based on the fact that the meter, its unit, is intended to be one ten-millionth part of the earth's meridian quadrant, and is so very nearly, you'll probably stop right there. Most of us do know that the metric system is a decimal system, and ten meters are a decameter and 1,000 a kilometer, or ten liters a decaliter, and a hundredth of a liter a centiliter, and that's all to the good, but something snaps when you try to translate on the basis that a yard is .91440 meters, a troy ounce 31.1035 grams, and a fluid ounce 2.95625 centiliters. That sort of figuring, I believe, is what turned Professor Einstein's hair white. At any rate, you can say, "One thousand meters are a kilometer," rather than having to remember that 12 inches

are a foot, 3 feet a yard, and 1,760 yards a mile. How many square feet are in an acre, no one but surveyors has ever known, and only druggists and liquor dealers try to recall how many gills or fluid ounces are in a pint.

After all, most of this needn't trouble most of us very much, but, when you have to begin translating quarts into liters or miles into kilometers—well, as my grandmother used to say, that's a gray horse of another color. The answer to so commonplace a question as "How far is it to the next village?" becomes an exercise in mental arithmetic for any Englishman or American. Of course, if you can remember it—or even if you can't—a kilometer is approximately five-eighths of a mile, but that only makes it more difficult. The signpost informs you, "Brussels—326½ kilometers." QUICK; how many miles is that? Einstein, or Joel Kupperman, of the Quiz Kids, might reply promptly, "204.0625 miles," but it's dollars to doughnuts you can't. Ninety-nine out of 100 wandering Englishmen or Americans simply divide the number of kilometers by two and add one-fourth of the result—i.e., 100 kilometers are 50 miles plus one-fourth of 50, 12½, or 62½ miles—but even that distracts your attention from driving, and I have had friends—particularly woman friends—who got results not a bit like those I have given. My own spouse, who is everything to me

## Universal Language and Rotary

The subject of a common world language has long received the study of Rotary International. Before World War II, two international Presidents appointed Committees to confer with the International Auxiliary Language Association (IALA).

At its recent meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, Rotary's Board of Directors instructed the General Secretary to maintain contact with the IALA and report to the Board when it appears that any action can be taken.

but a lightning calculator, once assured me that it was almost exactly 4,000 miles from Cherbourg to Paris, though neither she nor I ever discovered how it got that way. At any rate, wouldn't it be simpler and easier to measure distance by miles everywhere, or, better still, to use the metric system in England and America as well as in the rest of the civilized world?

Failing this, the wife aforesaid suggests that a kilometer be made precisely half a mile, and a stone 10 pounds, instead of 14, which puts it beyond her mathematical powers. Frankly, I don't think either device would work, or that we could induce the British to take ten pence for a shilling and ten shillings for a pound. No; universal systems would be a lot more practical. Until they are adopted, I, for one, shall never know whether it's hot or cold at 70 degrees Centigrade. The fact that the freezing point of water is 32 degrees Fahrenheit, and the boiling point 212, while they are zero and 100 Centigrade, means nothing in my young life, and never has. Once in Cambodia, after I'd said 20 times, "I can't stand this heat," I found the mercury at 50 Centigrade, and stopped perspiring. One rule for reducing Centigrade temperature to Fahrenheit is: subtract 10, subtract from the remainder one-tenth of itself, double the last remainder, and add 50 to the product. Is this a procedure to appeal to a man who merely wants to know whether he's comfortable? I ask you!

If you've ever attempted piloting a motorcar through the busy streets of London, you realize it's equally difficult, when you suddenly meet another car rounding a corner, to remember that you must pass it on the left. A morning of this gives one sympathetic understanding of my friend who declined holidays on the Continent, where, as with Americans, you drive on the right side of the highway. There are a dozen explanations of this difference in custom, most of them based on the idea that a man wanted his sword arm free, but the need of swords in the street went out so long before the automobile came in that you might as well eat your food raw because once we didn't know how to make fire. In America, the legend runs, people got in the habit of turning right because so many people travelled on horseback and by keeping to the right of the road, the right hand was free to draw a weapon. In Britain, however, the driver of a six-in-hand coach rode a horse on the left side in order to have full scope in swinging his whip. This is probably poppycock, and we drive on the right or left merely because our ancestors preferred one or the other, and we lacked the initiative to choose which *we* prefer. Just as the streets in Boston are said to follow the original cowpaths.

The same thing is true of writing,

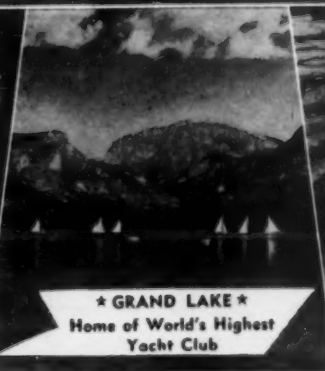
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spelling, and speech. One group of ancestors made one set of sounds and another group another set, and we went on with it. At least 1,000 different languages are spoken in this world, and each of them with variations and additions of argot. Small tribes of savages, often numbering only a few hundred individuals, cannot understand other and equally small tribes in villages a few miles apart. The Swiss use four different tongues in their one tiny nation, and when I lived there in 1890, all shop and street signs in Prague were printed in German and Czech. As my father was, a man may be the master of ten languages, and yet visit a dozen lands where he can ask for a boiled egg only by crowing like a rooster. I have a certain amount of sympathy for an unlettered friend of mine who used to get very angry because the Parisians couldn't understand English spoken with what she believed to be a French accent. Certainly, it does not reflect credit on our civilization that, after centuries of mixing, one population is practically without means of communicating with the others.

Admittedly, the answer isn't easy. Scholars have invented many "universal languages"—chiefly Esperanto—without inducing more than a few hundreds or thousands of people to acquire them. Efforts to make English universal, allegedly because it is the mother tongue of nearly 200 million, but really, I suppose, because it's *our* mother tongue, have got nowhere. French is

called "the language of diplomats," but there have always been plenty of statesmen who didn't know a word of it. Perhaps in time, now that we have about conquered distance, and peoples comingle as never before, we shall develop a tongue that is a mixture of all tongues, and can be spoken by all peoples, but don't bet on it. You probably *would* be safe in wagering that such a development would go a long way toward universal understanding and friendship.

Anway, there seems little doubt that many of the bothersome differences in money and measurements and suchlike are due to be eliminated. Generally, I'm agin standardization. I shall never forget my disappointment that I could take a trolley car to the pyramids of Giza, and that, when I got there, I was only in another kind of Coney Island. I've never considered a vacation in the United States, because fruit cup is the same in San Francisco that it is in New York, and equally inevitable in both places and all points between. I should, or shall greatly dislike a world in which all people and places are pretty much the same, and you have to call up the stationmaster to learn whether you're in Canton, China, or Canton, Ohio. Nevertheless, it does seem to me stupid, and opposed to general amity, that I can't say, "Good morning," to a brother outside of two or three nations without an interpreter, or find exactly how much beer I've drunk on an afternoon in Amsterdam without multiplying by 4.5459-631.

## Odd Shots

Have you a photo outstanding for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editor of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



SIDEWALK correspondent. This old Indian Sikh who sits all day outside the post office in Nairobi, Kenya, translates letters

for Africans who are unable to read. He'll answer them, too—for a small fee. Nairobi Rotarian L. B. Harmer made the photo-record.



## Rotary Reporter

[Continued from page 53]

were sent along with a letter to the President of every Rotary Club in the Dominion.

**A 'Write' Way to Get at Problem** The Rotary Club of KINGFISHER, OKLA., has found one way to get at the problem of juvenile delinquency. The Club is sponsoring an essay contest among the pupils of the local schools. The subject: "Juvenile Delinquency."

**Hard Record to Better** Members of the Rotary Club of MIDLAND, MICH., are sold solidly on "Fourth Object subscriptions" to REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine in Spanish. There are 64 active and three honorary members in the MIDLAND Club, and 65 of them voluntarily sent in subscriptions. It's a record hard to beat.

**Their Pride Is Pardonable** When members of the Rotary Club of MEMPHIS, TENN., pridefully boast of the accomplishments of their Club-sponsored 4-H Club, there is just reason. Entering State competition, 4-H youngsters won six out of eight prizes. Their club won the national prize on safety, and three members won trips to the national meeting in CHICAGO, ILL. One youth served as toastmaster at meetings held in MEXICO CITY, MEXICO, and DALLAS, FORT WORTH, and SAN ANGELO, TEX.

**In Maine It's Fundamental** Rotary attendance is an important factor, as every Rotarian knows. Various Clubs have different ways of stimulating better attendance—and here are notes on how two Clubs in Maine are doing it. The BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME., Rotary Club has a "century button" which it presents to members upon achieving 100 meetings with 100 percent attendance. Out of 31 members 21 have already won the button. . . . Members of the Rotary Club of KENNEBUNK, ME., can tell at a glance what their attendance was during the past six months, for the Club President compiled the records and enclosed copies with a letter to each of them.

**20 Clubs Hear Military Cadets** A group of cadets from the Kemper Military School in BOONVILLE, Mo., were given a "taste" of Rotary during the recent holidays. At the same time Rotarians in 20 Clubs scattered over eight States were given a special treat, when the cadets appeared as Club guests and spoke on "A Coördinated Military, Athletic, and Academic Program." Clubs so favored were ATCHISON, TRIBUNE, LEOTI, OLATHE, OSWEGO, and GARDEN CITY, KANS.; MARENGO and ODEBOLT, IOWA; ARDMORE, OKLA.; JOPLIN, CAPE GIRARDEAU, WEBSTER GROVES, and BOONVILLE, MO.; PAMPA, TEX.; MOUNT VERNON, OTTAWA, EAST MOLINE, and RANTOUL, ILL.; DICKINSON, NO. DAK.; and BOULDER, MONT.

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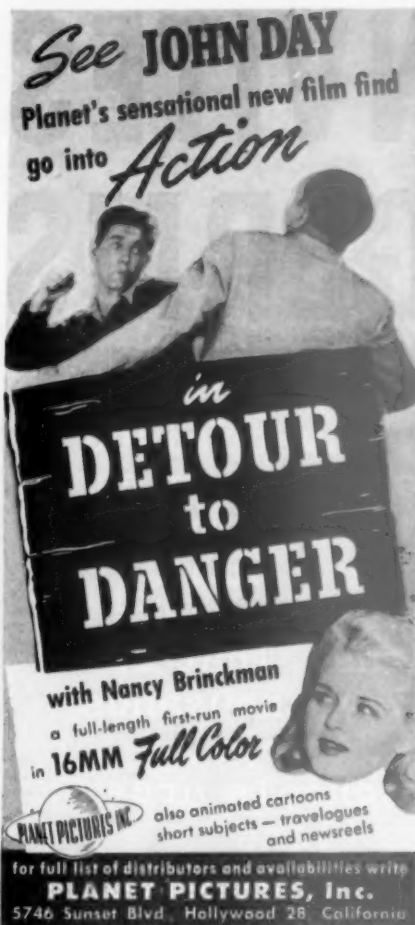
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## What the 'Vets' Get

[Continued from page 10]

for disabled veterans than for nondisabled veterans. South Africa extends medical care to the families of disabled veterans. Australia, as before noted, provides for educating the children of deceased, blind, or permanently incapacitated veterans. It also makes provision for furniture grants to disabled veterans.

Canada pays the compensation costs of industrial accidents to disabled veterans—so-called second injuries—offsetting one objection to the employment of disabled persons. In the United States, 17 States still have no such "second injury" fund.

As I cautioned the reader earlier, any conclusion that one country's program is better than another is dangerous. Objective comparison of all facts brought together in the study does reveal that, in the main, the provisions which the United States has made for its veterans are more liberal than comparable programs in the other countries, but it does not necessarily follow that they would thus answer the needs of Canada, for instance, better than Canada's own long-studied, locally adapted program does.

One conclusion is undebatable. The people of each of these countries want their Governments to do their best to compensate in fullest measure the men and women who gave up so much to bring us to this day of peace. At the same time they earnestly hope, and I join them in it, that this shall be the

last fresh set of veteran benefits they shall ever have to devise.

Solution of the veterans' problems does not—cannot—proceed alone. During the period when soldiers and sailors are shedding their uniforms, millions of workers in strictly war industries are shifting jobs or homes. The ultimate goal of any veterans' program must be to restore the returning soldier and sailor to the community—socially, economically, and humanly. This cannot be accomplished except as part of the larger program embracing the whole of human demobilization.

As I see the problem in the United States, one terrible danger of failure may be to set the veteran off from the rest of the nation, cherishing the grievance of having been wronged, at odds with fellow-Americans, his feelings an explosive fuel ready to be ignited by some future demagogues. The very first need in the present situation is to end the "no man's land" of neglect of the human problem of the change-over from war to peace.

There is no question of what the American people would like to see done. What is at question is their competence to carry out obligations which all Americans recognize and wish to see fulfilled. We must not fail the veteran—for then we fail ourselves. We must show that our political and economic system, which met the test of war so magnificently, can be turned as effectively to the solution of the human problems in the return to peace.

## Wm. Allen White and Mark Twain

[Continued from page 48]

goes back to the days of the Revolution. Authentic, richly readable, and the most illuminating book about Soviet Russia I have ever read.

*The Latin-American Front*, by Joseph F. Privitera. Pungent, candid, forceful account of Latin-American problems and analysis of inter-American relations. Stimulating and thought-provoking.

*A Daughter of Han: The Autobiography of a Chinese Working Woman*, by Ida Pruitt. Like *Talk about Russia*, an "inside story," detailed, dramatic, profoundly revealing.

*The United States and Britain*, by Crane Brinton. The first volume in an "American Foreign Policy" library of 25 volumes under the general editorship of Sumner Welles, former Under Secretary of State of the United States. If the others in the series approach the standard of this book, in constructive vision, commonsense, and effective writ-

ing, this group of books will be a major contribution to international understanding. For Mr. Brinton's work my very strongest recommendation.

Books mentioned, publishers, and prices:

*William Allen White: An Autobiography* (Macmillan, \$3.75).—*Mark Twain: Business Man*, Samuel Charles Webster (Little, Brown, \$4).—*The Boy I Left Behind Me*, Stephen Leacock (Doubleday, \$2).—*Passage to Glory: John Ledyard's America*, Helen Augur (Doubleday, \$3).—*Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir*, Linnie Marsh Wolfe (Knopf, \$3.50).—*Hahnemann: The Adventurous Career of a Medical Rebel*, Martin Gumpert (Fischer, \$3).—*A Benjamin Franklin Reader*, edited by Nathan G. Goodman (Crowell, \$3.50).—*The Great Pacific Victory*, Gilbert Cant (John Day, \$3.50).—*The Pocket History of the Second World War*, edited by Henry Steele Commager (Pocket Books, 25c).—*Beach Red*, Peter Bowman (Random House, \$2.50).—*Iran*, William S. Haas (Columbia University Press, \$3.50).—*Talk about Russia with Masha Scott*, Pearl S. Buck (John Day, \$1.75).—*The Latin-American Front*, Joseph F. Privitera (Bruce, \$2.25).—*A Daughter of Han*, Ida Pruitt (Yale University Press, \$2.75).—*The United States and Britain*, Crane Brinton (Harvard University Press, \$2.50).

## Opinion

Pithy bits—gleaned from talks, letters, and Rotary publications.

### Turn Ball Around

FRANK A. WOODWORTH, *Rotarian*  
President, Spokane Gas & Fuel Co.  
Spokane, Washington

George V. Denny, Jr., the well-known conductor of the Radio Town Hall Meetings, keeps a small ball in his desk which he uses when his guests engage in arguments. He holds it up before them and asks them what color it is. They will agree that it is black and he argues that it is white. He will turn the ball around and behold it is white. The halves are colored black and white. All were correct in the light of the information and knowledge they possessed.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

### 'War Will Be Outmoded'

R. O. VANDERCOOK, *Rotarian*  
Proof-Press Manufacturer  
Chicago, Illinois

A study of the process of evolution proves that "history repeats itself" only as long as a function is needed. To simplify it considerably: Many of us have learned that there are better methods of teaching a boy to swim than by throwing him into the lake. Is it not possible that we may also learn there are better methods of teaching people how to get what they need than by killing each other?

When enough people understand that war is a useless expenditure of life, energy, and materials, it will become as outmoded as the old clipper ship that was once considered the last word for ocean travel.

### Freedom Must Be Fought For

SYLVESTER A. LONG, *Rotarian*  
Refrigerating-Machine Manufacturer  
Wichita, Kansas

Change does not necessarily call for an attitude of complete resignation. Change does not mean that we should always let things take their course. Change does not call for abject surrender or unreasoned acceptance. Far from it. Intelligent resistance to change is the only guaranty that the change will be intelligent, reasonable, and in the right direction. Personally we must fight to live. Nationally we must fight for freedom. It is the duty of businessmen to defend Uncle Sam's life here at home as earnestly as our fighting men defend it abroad.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

### The Essence of Rotary

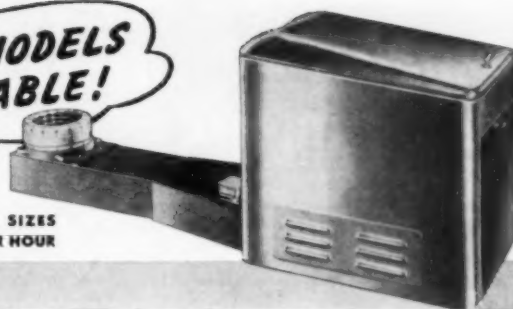
FRANK H. CLOSE, *Rotarian*  
Superintendent of Schools  
Wadsworth, Ohio

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"John, jump! Jump, John, a train is coming!" John did not jump. He tugged and tugged at the lines trying to get the horses under control, but without success. He was nearing the crossing, and the train was swinging around the bend not many rods away. A crash seemed inevitable, and people yelled frantically. "John, you fool, jump!" He did not, but succeeded in pulling the team to the side of the road just as the train whizzed by. His friends ran up, and said, "John, why didn't you jump? You were foolish in taking such a risk."

John then pointed back into the wagon bed and said, "There is the reason I didn't jump." A little child was lying there asleep. With the new viewpoint all criticism vanished. This is the essence of Rotary: getting the other fellow's viewpoint. —From a Rotary Club address.

### Selfishness Doesn't Work Out

LOUIS A. WALKER, *Rotarian Life-Insurance Underwriter*  
Rockland, Maine

According to Adam Smith a successful society is founded upon enlightened selfishness and not upon service. No doubt that theory had its proper place in the onward march of things as the machine age replaced the feudal system. Adam Smith taught that if each man looked out for number one, first, last, and all the time, the struggle for survival would work out for the benefit of all. Each man would take better care of himself than anyone else could; all would be as happy and prosperous as could be in this best of all possible worlds.

It did not so work out. The bottom of the sea of life was strewn with the wreckage of hopeless human craft sunk in the desperate battle for existence. A few survived in wealth; many went down in utter ruin. Society was diseased from top to bottom. Successive economic crises, called depressions, occurred with mounting violence, in which

wealth disappeared and human values were wiped out.

Finally this system of organized selfishness flowered in what is variously known as Fascism, Nazism, or Falangism. They are all the same thing—supreme personal and national selfishness proposed as the foundation principle of a "New Order."—From a Rotary Club address.

### What Rotary Is Not

FRED C. WETMORE, *Rotarian Lawyer*  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Rotary is not a trade association or a chamber of commerce, but it does supplement these organizations, and it does furnish and even if necessary assume leadership in business and community enterprise.

It is not a League of Nations or a school of international diplomacy, but it is helpful and an intelligent influence upon the relations between countries where Rotary has been permitted to organize and function.

It is not a vaudeville performance or a philosophical clinic, but we have had some narrow escapes both ways.

Rotary is not a joke, but it makes some allowance for a sense of humor, and does not discourage displays of wit by those who have it. It does not specialize in gloom, but does encourage serious contemplation in reasonable quantities.

Rotary is not a sounding board for political promoters or eccentric economists or screwball philosophers, but they sometimes edge in on us under false pretenses, which is an understandable hazard and which doesn't usually do any harm and never does any good.

Rotary does not engage in political controversy, and "politician" is not a recognized Rotary classification, but it does believe in and encourage full and fair discussion of all questions and matters of public interest, including the merits of candidates for public office.

Rotary is not a casual thing, but has

### A Prayer

**L**ORD, teach me not how to pray more eloquently, but to mean my prayer more thoroughly. Instead of letting the prayer originate in my mind and emerge from my mouth so that my heart may hear it and say, "Not a bad idea!" let the prayer surge up from my heart until the mouth has no choice but to speak it. Let my prayer be not mere acoustics, but rather a welling forth of my inmost being—that part of my being whence my daily action originates.

Let there be such an upsurge of real desire for self-betterment and greater happiness for all that not half of it can be put into words. Let me be fuller of meaning than of language. Keep me free from the prayer that is verbally beautiful—the kind that, in retrospect, makes me say to myself, "I must try out some of that sort of living sometime"; but give me instead such a baptism of genuine

sincerity that I perforce live it as I speak it.

On the other hand, do not, O Lord, take away from me my power to pretend! Teach me how to pretend I am all that I am orally asking You to make me, so that others may be so convinced of my goodness that I will be compelled to live up to my pretense, to the best of my ability. And strengthen, O Lord, my will, so that I come to imitate my pretended self so accurately that it shall become my real self.

Teach me to imagine that I am perfect and then to be what I imagine myself. Let me inspire others to look far above my real self to find me; and then let me scramble up somehow until I attain the height where they expected me to be found! Help me inspire in others a boundless faith in me, and then teach me how to deserve that faith! Amen.

—Strickland Gillilan

a sound and serious purpose. The Four Objects of Rotary are not mere bits of fancy language, but are clear and competent statements of the prime purposes of the organization, which merit the careful study of all Rotarians who are serious and sincere in their membership. They are the signposts which point out the paths that Rotary is travelling in its quest for the formulas of service.

#### Classification Proves Itself

JOSEPH L. GABRIEL, *Ice Manufacturer*  
Governor, Rotary District 104  
Hollister, California

Rotary is a unique organization—Rotary was not a club composed of personalities; it was composed of business and professional classifications—one man from every business or profession in a community or city, regardless of size. After 41 years the value of the classification system has proved most successful.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### Yesterday and Today

Fifty years ago eggs were 8 cents a dozen, butter 10 cents a pound, milk 5 cents a quart; the butcher gave away liver and treated the boys with bologna; the hired girl received \$2 a week and did the washing. Women concealed their ankles, and did not powder or paint (in public), smoke, vote, or play poker. Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spat on the sidewalk, and cussed. Beer was 5 cents a glass and the lunch free. Laborers worked ten hours a day at one dollar per, and never went on strike; the hat-check grafter was unknown. A kerosene lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries. No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or had his face revamped. Microbes and vitamins were unheard of, folks lived to a ripe old age, and every Christmas walked miles to wish their folks a Merry Christmas.

Today most people ride in automobiles or fly, play golf, shoot craps, smoke cigarettes, drink everything, and blame the high cost of living on the neighbors. They never go to bed the same day that they get up and think they are having a whale of a time. These are the days of racketeers and bootlegging, high taxes, crime, speed, and nerves.

If you still think that life is worth living, I wish you a Happy New Year! —*New Year's greeting for 1946 by Kent Griffen, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, in his Rotary Club's Spokesman.*

#### 'Will Rotary Meet the Issues?'

HARRY J. MILLARD, *Rotarian*  
Laundryman  
Champaign, Illinois

Rotary International must accept the challenge of the present time; it must be the leader, at least to its entire membership the world over, in giving the truth and facts as they lead the way to peace. The people of this earth do deserve it and I for one believe that Rotary can lead the way. Will we meet the issues or will we be timid and afraid of stepping on toes or hurting someone's feelings? I wonder.



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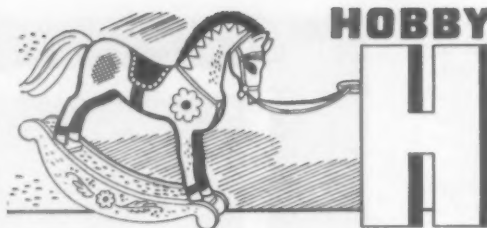
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## itching Post

IS THERE "anything to" mind reading? Here's a man who ought to know. He's **OLIVER METZEROTT**, a member of the Rotary Club of College Park, Maryland, who, as a veteran showman, has seen the mental marvels work from backstage. While he doesn't exactly commit himself on the main question, he does reveal that there are certain tricks to the trade. Collecting them is a hobby with him, and he shares some of them in the following.

**R**ECENT radio programs and magazine articles have attracted wide public attention to the controversial subject of thought transference or mind reading. Do present competent entertainers actually read what is in the minds of members of their audiences, or is the whole performance merely a matter of simulation and clever showmanship?

I shall leave the answers to those questions to others, but I would like to describe some of the methods used by well-known entertainers of other years.

Shortly after America's Civil War there were several famous families of mystics and mesmerists touring the world and giving alleged thought-reading performances which were both baffling and interesting. Later some of these families split up and individual members gave performances by themselves.

Later a well-known magician and his wife did "second sight" and mathematical problems and identified articles held by members of the audience, the woman, blindfolded and supposedly mesmerized, making the announcements. While she was seated on the stage, her husband would pass through the audience and call to her to identify articles handed to him by spectators.

He would also place a blackboard on the stage so that his wife could not see the writing on it, even if not blindfolded, and call upon volunteers from the audience to place problems of multiplication and division, or chess moves, on it. She would immediately read the numbers aloud and promptly solve the problems.

The solution: An observer's trap door was concealed by the runway and steps that led to the stage. An assistant solved the problems with the aid of mathematical tables and conveyed the information to the woman by means of a speaking tube which led from under the stage through the leg and back of the chair on which she was seated. It was connected with a similar tube attached to the back of her gown, which passed through her coiffure to her ear.

By using high-powered glasses and speaking tubes, assistants concealed in the wings would "spot" the articles offered for identification by the audience.

The magician himself conveyed some of the information by a simple code made up of word, tone, inflection, and gesture.

Another famous "thought" reader passed out small tablets, pencils, and envelopes to his audiences. He directed them to write their messages and, after sealing them in the envelopes, place them in their own pockets. He collected the unused portions of the tablets. Then he would bring his wife on the stage and supposedly hypnotize her. After covering her with a large American flag, and with the full glare of the stage lights upon her, he would call for the questions and answers. She would proceed to read the questions still in the pockets of the audience, and then answer them the best she could.

The solution: The tablets were soft, the pencils hard. Most messages could be read from the impression left on the second sheet—which were left with the woman when the flag was draped about her.

Other female "mind readers" wore curls to hide a speaking tube, and stood transfixed while doing their "thought" reading, a long evening gown concealing the floor connection made through or by the aid of a shoe.

Still another "mind reader" and forecaster of future events assumed knight-hood by calling himself "Sir Harry" and styling his show as a Hindu seance. He used an East Indian stage setting, with dais and throne midstage. Here he seated himself, arrayed in a cowed gown. Assistants passed envelopes and paper to the audience and directed them to write their messages and seal them in the plain envelopes. The envelopes were collected in open wire baskets and placed on the front of the stage in full view of the audience and some 30 feet from "Sir Harry." He would read the sealed messages and answer the questions.

The solution: When the baskets were taken from the auditorium to the stage, they were out of sight of the audience for a moment—when they were switched for other baskets and envelopes. The originals were passed to assistants offstage who opened the letters and chose those which could be answered without immediate embarrassment. The old speaking-tube method was used, and "Sir Harry" would repeat the exact message, then answer it as wisely, discreetly, and entertainingly as possible.

It must be remembered that most "mind readers" arrange their shows so that they need answer only the ques-





tions which they see fit to select, and if an event to take place in the future is to be forecast, they start out with a 50-50 chance of being right. Even if they are wrong, nobody knows it at the time.

Radio and other scientific discoveries have enabled modern "mind readers" greatly to improve their technique, but it is still very largely a real question of showmanship rather than an actual thought transference or mind reading. The most eminent psychologists make no claim to such power.

Slightly afieid of mind reading, but still within the realm of occult entertainment is the hobby of THOMAS R. HOOD, who is known as one of the cleverest amateur magicians wearing a Rotary button. Though his Rotary classification in Dunn, North Carolina, is drugs retailing, he could take to the road any day as a successful prestidigitator.



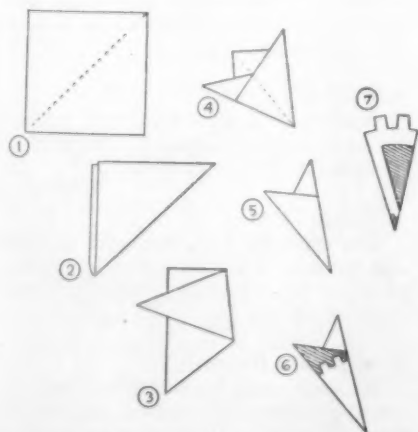
Hood

At countless Rotary parties he has entertained and mystified his friends with card tricks, disappearing acts, and all that goes with the magic "business." And his reputation has taken on international proportions, for when he was a member of the Board of Directors of Rotary International in 1944-45, he often, in informal moments, regaled his colleagues with many feats of sleight-of-hand.

At THE GROOM's request, ROTARIAN Hood has agreed to share with readers of this department one of the tricks he originated. It is sure-fire for any Rotary gathering, and the only equipment needed is a double-page spread from yesterday's newspaper.

Just study the steps in the process diagrammed below. You start with a large square of paper (1) and fold diagonally as indicated. Keep folding until you get to step 6, when you tear away the shaded portions, including the isolated white corner of (6) and the shaded parts of (7).

When you are through, spread out what is left of your sheet, and presto, abracadabra, Sacramento! You have a perfect Rotary wheel, with just the right number of cogs and spokes!



MAKE a Rotary wheel—in seven easy steps.

## What's Your Hobby?

If your hobby's not a secret, and if you care to share it with others and have them share theirs with you, drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM and before too long your name will appear below. THE GROOM has only two requirements: that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, and that you answer any correspondence that may come as a result of listing.

**Polished Woods:** George F. Miller (collects polished samples of different woods, with information about them; will give postage stamps of the world for samples of wood; desires also to exchange stamps with collectors in other countries, particularly Switzerland), 978 Riverside Dr., South Bend 16, Ind., U.S.A.

**'Providential Stories':** A. D. Fristoe (collects stories which might be classed as Providential; stories should be capable of verification), P. O. Box 88, Siloam Springs, Ark., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Audrey Potts (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals, both boys and girls, aged 13 and 14), 55 Head St. S., Simcoe, Ont., Canada.

**Autographs:** Robert R. Scholl (17-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to exchange autographs of famous persons, baseball players, etc.), 904 N. Bergen St., Bethlehem, Pa., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Jeane Trippet (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with other teen agers), 1135 First Ave. W., Kallispell, Mont., U.S.A.

**Postcards:** Martha Bridger (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects postcards; desires correspondence with other young people similarly interested; also interested in sports and dancing), Box 295, Bladenboro, N. C., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** James Taylor (collects stamps; specializes in air stamps; would like to buy or exchange so-called Zeppelin series of U.S.A.; wishes correspondence with others interested in air stamps), Rockley House, Springfield, Dewsbury, England.

**Pen Pals:** Rena Watts (wishes to correspond with anyone in the United States), 3 Merton St., Swindon, England.

**Pen Pals:** Ronald Wren (14-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with others of same age in other countries), 1005 Camino Ramon, San Jose 10, Calif., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Eleanor Parker (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with other young people aged 15-17 in U.S.A. and South America), 708 Dorchester Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

**Neckties:** Richard Locke, Jr. (14-year-old son of Rotarian—collects neckties; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested in any country), 919 Coulomb St., Arvida, Que., Canada.

**Pen Pals:** Janet Drake (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boy or girl of same age, preferably in another country, who is also interested in music, books, and art), 304 Otis St., West Newton 65, Mass., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Patricia Nutley (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with high-school- or college-age youths interested in school publications), 226 Jefferson Ave., Janesville, Wis., U.S.A.

**Postcards:** Nancy Lynn Hamilton (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects postcards and will trade; wishes pen pals), Nassauadox, Va., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Alan Spence (16-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen friends in other countries likewise interested in sports, dancing, and stamps), 70 Cameron Ave., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

**Twin Pen Pals:** Rae and Lou Beer (16-year-old twin daughters of Rotarian—wish to correspond with other twins), Tennerton Road, Buckhannon, W. Va., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Sue Bartlett (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in U.S.A. or England aged 14-16), 126 Walnut St., Geneva, Ohio, U.S.A.

**Christmas Seals:** Jack M. Price (16-year-old son of Rotarian—collects U. S. and foreign Christmas seals; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), 808 S. Main St., Maryville, Mo., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Marion Frantzick (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls of same age outside the U.S.A.), 1009 W. Broadway, Little Falls, Minn., U.S.A.

**Buttons:** Mrs. Arthur E. Thurber (wife of Rotarian—collects old buttons; will buy or exchange), 124 W. Campbell Ave., Sherrill, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Lodice Anderson (daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with young people aged 14-18 who are likewise interested in music, drawing, reading, tennis, swimming, and boating), Belmont Road, Hood River, Oreg., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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### My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to *Stripped Gears*, The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Here's a true favorite of Mrs. B. F. Boan, whose husband is an Alexandria, Virginia, Rotarian.

A college professor, popular among the colored people because of his sympathy toward members of their race, was invited to address the graduation class of a Negro school in the South. His speech was a masterpiece of eloquence, fiery oratory, and impassioned declarations. After it was over, the audience crowded around to shake the professor's hand. Of all the compliments given him, the most sincere came from a huge colored woman who, with face beaming and eyes aglow with admiration, said:

"Perfessor, yo' face may be white as snow, but yo' can't fool dis nigger, 'cause yo' heart am black as mine."

### Bogey No. 1

I'm not worried that the World or nation Is threatened with over-population.

What scares me is the growing Myriad Of those who dismiss something By saying, "Period."

—ROTARIAN DOW RICHARDSON

### Eliminations

Remove one letter from each word in the left-hand column; rearrange the remaining letters to fit the definitions at the right and put the letters removed in the center. The eliminated letters will spell the name of a man well known to Rotarians.

1. Water ( ) Ration or proportion.
2. Gael. ( ) That by which we walk.
3. Army ( ) The fifth month.
4. Marine ( ) The Pine Tree State.
5. Meter ( ) A limited time.
6. Snore ( ) A hardy shrub.

This puzzle was contributed by Melba Baehr, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

### You're the Barber!

You are N. O. Buddy, the celestial barber of Nonesuch City. Your establishment is situated on the corner of Limbo Lane where it intersects Munchausen Street. The following famous characters walk into the shop and demand service.

Will you give each one a shave, a haircut, or both?

1. Julius Caesar.
2. Rip Van Winkle.
3. George Sand.
4. Frederick Barbarossa.
5. Peter Pan.
6. John Adams.
7. Holgar Dansk.
8. Mohandas K. Gandhi.
9. King Edward VI.
10. Uncle Ned.

This puzzle was contributed by Stewart Schenley, of Monaca, Pennsylvania.

The answers to these puzzles will be found on the following page.

### Personal Dimensions

I've been with Mr. Five by Five And chatted once or twice. Other dimensions, too, I've known, And mostly found them nice.

There's only one that I have met And wish to meet no more. His name, in case you should forget, Is Mr. Two by Four.

—CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

### Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it —Shakespeare.

### Lucky Electorate

"What do you think of our two candidates for mayor?"

"Well, I am glad only one can be elected."—The Rotagram, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

### Help Yourself

"I want an E string for my violin," said the G. I. in a London music store.

The girl brought all the violin strings in the shop.

"Pick it hout yourself," said she. "I can't tell the blinking 'e's from the she's."—Cortland Clatter, CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

### No Further Proof Needed

Medico: "Is there any insanity in your family?"

Sailor: "There must be. They keep writing me for money."—The Scandal Sheet, GRAHAM, TEXAS.

### Self-Check

When you argue with a fool, be sure he isn't similarly engaged.—The Felloes, TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS-TEXAS.

### Wildlife Item

You can't fly with the owls at night and keep up with the eagles in the daytime.—The Mascot, FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

### Production Record

Someone made the following comment about a dull book: "It took Sir William Ramsay 16 years to discover helium, the Curies 30 years to find radium, but just

five minutes for this book to produce tedium."—*Growing Pains*, SUSANVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

### Tattletale

House-to-house salesman, explaining terms of sale: "You pay only a small deposit. Then you make no more payments for six months."

Lady of the house: "Who told you about us?"—*Bi-City Letter*, SUMMERVILLE-TRION, GEORGIA.

### Slip-up Somewhere

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with having voted eight times."

"Charged?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer, I expected to be paid for it."—*The Weekly*, EAST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

### Quick Shift

"What is heredity?"

"Heredity is what we believe in until our children start proving it."—*Cooper's Store News*.

### House Roamers

Some men have a den in their homes. Others growl all over the house.—*Rotary Bulletin*, STRATFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

### Smart Girl

A girl entered the manager's office to apply for a job, and, when asked if she had any particular qualifications or unusual talents, stated that she had won several prizes in crossword puzzle and slogan contests.

"That sounds good," the manager told her, "but we want somebody who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh," she explained brightly, "this was during office hours."—*The Gateway Gear*, LAREDO, TEXAS.

### Dateless

Almost every college dean asks the prospective undergraduate: "Why did you come to college?" Usually the answers match the question in triteness.



But last year one co-ed unexpectedly confided:

"I came to be went with—but I ain't yet!"—*Rotareview*, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

## It's Up to You!

That's right—it's up to you as to how many last lines you want to send in to complete the bobtailed limerick which appears below—but do it now while you still have it before you. If a line of yours is selected as one of the six best submitted, you will receive a check for \$2. Send your line—or lines—to The Fixer, in care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill. The deadline for all entries is June 1.—*Gears Editors*.

### NEVER-STILL BILL

If when you need help, call on Bill,  
Whose mind just never stands still;  
Ideas for some fun?  
He'll come on the run,

If you are seeking rhyme words, here  
are a few: chill, drill, fill, grill, ill, kill,  
mil, nil, skill, will.

### A Pat for a Pound

Jim Pound's vim, zeal, and zest, as detailed in these columns of *THE ROTARIAN* for January, attracted much interest—and brought a great outpouring of lines from far and wide to complete the verse about him. Recall the unfinished limerick? For those who don't, here it is once again:

A pat on the back for Jim Pound,  
Who for meetings is always around.  
Then gives of his best,  
With vim, zeal, and zest,

From the lines submitted, six were selected as the best—after much mental stress on the part of The Fixer—and checks have gone out for the usual \$2 awards to each of the following contributors. They and their lines are:

*He works while the others expound.*

(Mrs. Alan S. Dana, wife of a Seymour, Connecticut, Rotarian.)

*How quaint! No complaint does he sound.*

(Frances Pircher, Nokomis, Illinois.)

*His selflessness leaves snobs spellbound.*

(Sergeant R. Froemming, Veterans' Hospital, Wood, Wisconsin.)

*Just a hint to the wise, drop around!*

(C. Harrison, Huntington, West Virginia.)

*JIMnastics are all safe and sound.*

(J. F. Harris, Hartford, Connecticut.)

*And if "downed" never fails to rebound.*

(Mrs. Cady J. Moffatt, wife of a Marshalltown, Iowa, Rotarian.)

### Answers to Puzzles on Page 70

ELIMINATIONS: 1. (w) Rate. 2. (a) Leg. 3. (r) May. 4. (r) Maine. 5. (e) Term. 6. (n) Rose. Which makes the answer T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, England, President of Rotary International.

YOU'RE THE BARBER! 1. Shave only (Caesar was bald). 2. Both (and a 20-year growth at that!). 3. Haircut (that's all you could give her!). 4. Both (he was named for his red beard and noted for his flowing locks). 5. Haircut only (Peter was Barrie's "Little Boy Who Never Grew Up"). 6. Shave (Adams was America's only bald President). 7. Both (he slept until his hair and beard grew through the floor). 8. Shave (the Mahatma is bald). 9. Haircut (he died at the age of 16—no time for a beard). 10. Shave ("He had no wool on the top of his head," said Stephen C. Foster).



## The Retoucher

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## The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

# Last Page Comment

### ABOUT THE TIME

Commander Hunter was writing his article *Are Employers Fair to Ex-Servicemen?* which you read in THE ROTARIAN last month, our esteemed contemporary *Forbes* magazine was polling veterans throughout the United States on practically the same question. Asking, "Do you feel business is playing fair with veterans in filling jobs?" *Forbes* interviewers got this answer: 31 percent of the veterans said "Yes"; 47 percent said "No"; 22 percent were undecided.

"DOES YOUR PRESENT JOB fill your expectations?" That was the next question. This time 29 percent of the veterans said "Yes"; 36 percent said "No"; 35 percent were either unemployed or had no answer. From these and other figures adduced by the study, which was reported in *Forbes* for February 15, it was concluded that "our returned soldiers are disappointed and disillusioned, particularly the men who held no job before they went into service"—these latter constituting two-thirds of all U. S. veterans.

Men and women returning to concerns with adequate reinstatement plans, naturally, do not share this disappointment. A friend just back from Texas told us this story about one such company:

**A YOUNG VETERAN** returned to the electric company in Waco, Texas, where he had been employed. For some reason not apparent, he wanted not his old job of meter testing, but an assignment requiring less skill and paying less wages. At last he confided to his employer—a Rotarian, by the way—that he was afraid he'd forgotten his mathematics in his long absence and doubted he could keep pace at his old post.

That was all that was "in his craw." When his employer suggested that he take a refresher course and then, whenever ready, start not on the job he left, but on the one he would have reached had he stayed with the company throughout the war, the young man almost burst his seams. Yes

### San Francisco in '47!

Rotary's 1947 Convention will be held in San Francisco, California, June 8-13, 1947, according to a decision by the Board of Directors of Rotary International announced at presstime.

sir! he'd start work right after lunch. And he did.

### WHAT THE VETERAN

seems to want, more than anything else, is a reasonable opportunity. He's appreciative of such "veteran benefits" as his country provides—a phase of this human reconversion problem that Bernard Baruch discusses elsewhere in this issue. But what the veteran wants most is translation of friendly interest into terms of opportunity.

### CLIPPED TO

the 100,000 real-estate tax bills going out in Ohio's Cuyahoga County this Spring is a pink printed slip saying: "YOU Helped the Veteran Fight a War. NOW HELP HIM FIND A HOME. List current or expected vacancies with Veterans' Housing Service." The slip describes that service, lists its phone number and address, and reminds property owners that "returning servicemen are good financial bets." Cleveland Rotarians provided the slips, working

through a city-and-county Veterans' Information Center for which, incidentally, they've also furnished a lounge. How many homes-for-veterans the plan will turn up no one knows, but it's a lead-pipe cinch it will yield more than any amount of handwringing.

### HOW 50 FAMILIES

in a Pennsylvania valley took hammer to hand and built themselves homes is a story Don Wharton tells elsewhere in these pages. They did it by old-fashioned building-bee methods, somewhat modernized. We don't know whether the plan would work in other places. We know only that it begot houses for 50 coal miners' families. In these days of roofless millions, any plan that will do that is worth study. If Mr. Wharton's story has a moral, it is that whatever your problem is, you can lick it quickest by using resources in your hand.

### PAUL HARRIS HAS SAID

many things, since he founded Rotary in 1905, which in another age would have given him the reputation of a prophet. But nothing that Paul has written entitles him more to a prophet's mantle than the opening paragraphs of his essay on *Rational Rotarianism* appearing in Vol. I, No. 1 of THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN, now THE ROTARIAN, January, 1911. Here they are:

If by interposition of Providence I someday were to find myself standing on a platform of some great coliseum looking into the eyes of every living Rotarian, and were to be told that I could have one word to say, without an instant's hesitation and at the top of my voice, I would shout "Toleration!"

It was in pursuit of it that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked in their frail craft upon the stormy waters. It was from the chrysalis toleration that lustrous winged liberty, awakened by the music of the sweetest toned bell on earth, sprang and floated away that July day in Philadelphia, while the world dreamed and wondered.

If this Rotary of ours is destined to be more than a mere passing thing, it will be because you and I have learned the importance of bearing with each other's infirmities, the value of toleration.

- your Editor

"We are particularly anxious to reach business leaders,"

says *Arthur F. Luce*

"We do so by using The ROTARIAN."



*Arthur F. Luce is Treasurer of Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Mass., makers of men's fine shoes.*

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*Famed Men's Shoe Section*  
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Reproduction of a one-half column advertisement from The Rotarian prepared and placed by J. M. Reilly Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

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The Rotarian magazine provides an audience of some 200,000 key executives . . . presidents, board chairmen, vice presidents, owners, partners, general managers . . . men who buy or influence buying for their businesses, their homes, and their communities. Let us give you facts and figures about the buying power of this executive audience . . . their business and community influence . . . and how they are reached most effectively and economically by The Rotarian. Just drop us a line . . . no obligation.



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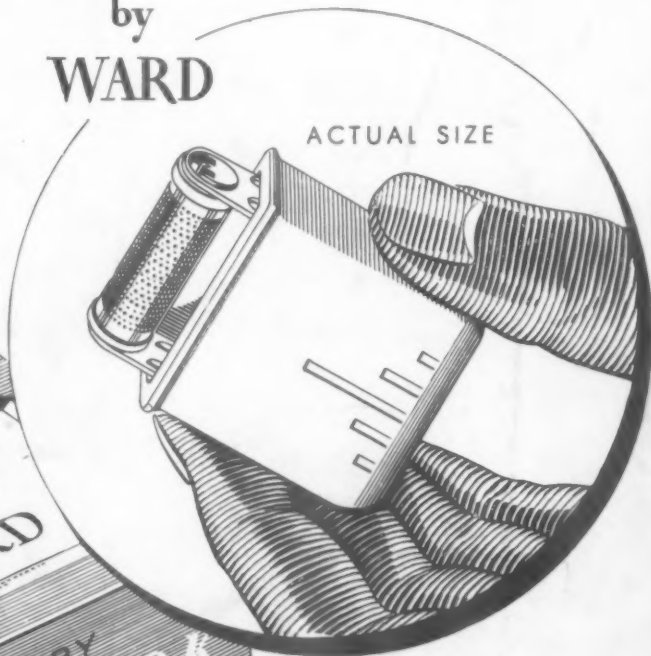
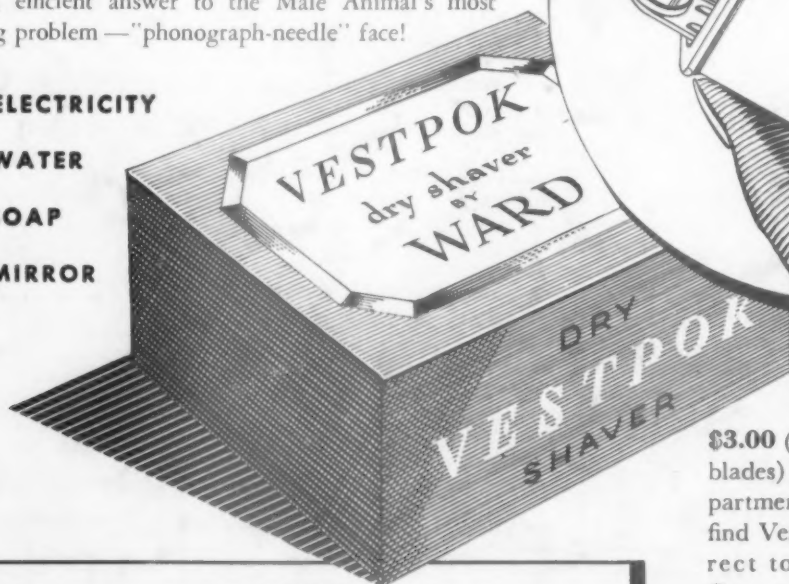
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since the face ...*

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Here's how **VESTPOK** works . . .



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A twist of a coin in the slot and—presto, the old blade drops out—it's that easy!



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*Leading with your chin?  
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